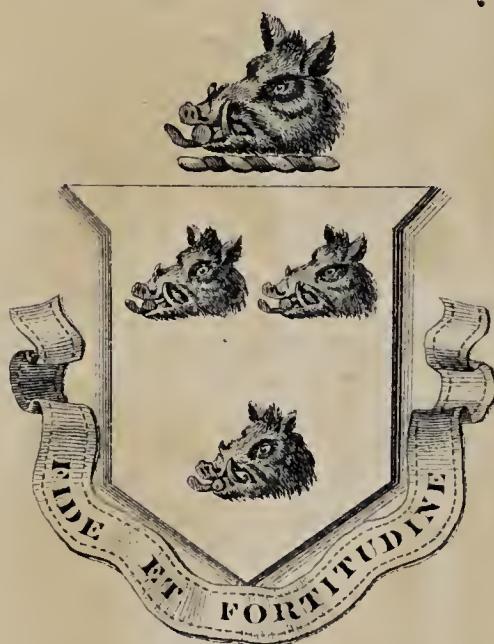


Accessions
149.703

Shelf No.

G. 3973.50

Barton Library.

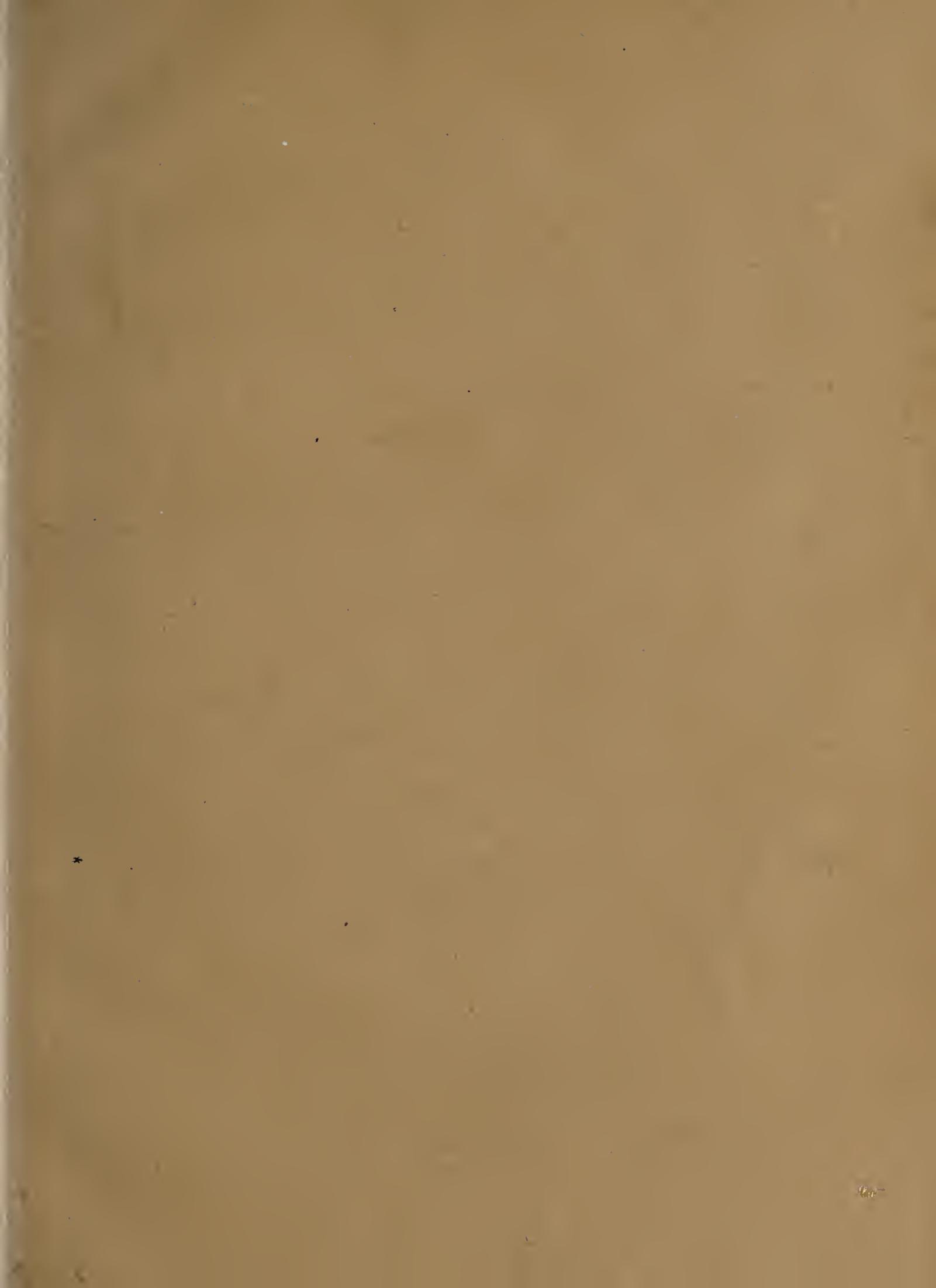


Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.



HOLLANDS LEAGVER.

A N

EXCELLENT COMEDY
AS IT HATH BIN LATELY
and often Acted with great applause,
by the high and mighty Prince CHARLES
his Servants ; at the private house
in *Salisbury Court*.

Written by SHACKERLEY MARMYON,
Master of Arts.

— — — — *Vult hac sub luce videri,
Iudicis argutum quia non formidat acumen.*



Printed at London by I.B. for JOHN GROVE,
dwelling in Swan-Yard within Newgate.

АДДАЦИОН ЯВОДАЕЦ

149,703

May 1873

YCHIHOOD TIIOKI
YI RIAJ YIAJ TAA TIIKA
elbow to elbow I-BA noisily box
and my son's a hunting high and
I had the good to receive

John G. Gray and wife
reside in New Haven.



To the Reader.

Vriteous Reader (for so I presume thou art) if otherwise, thou loseſt the title of being ſtiled ingenious; for there are none but favour learning, if they ſo much as pretend to it: but I hope I neede make no apologie, either to gaine thy fauour, or to credit the Worke, it has ſo often paſſ'd with approbation, that I have hopes it will continue it. If there be any ſo ſupercilious to condemne it, before they read it, let them reſt content with the title, and not enter into the Theater, unleſſe they intend to behold the Florales. However, my Muse has descended to this ſubieſt; let men eſteeme of her, onely as a reprover, not an interpreter of wickedneſſe: *Ocultare peccantis, promulgare ludentis eſt.*

Aristippus being compelled to dance in purple

To the Reader.

against the dignity of a Phylosopher, made an excuse, that the baits of sinne had no power on a good nature: and *Plato* having compos'd wan-ton Verses, affirmed, that the more plaine they were, the more honest: and your former Writers, in their accurate discovery of vice, have mingled the precepts of wisdome. If thou shalt accept this as it was simply meant, the applause it has obtain'd, shall not so much crowne it as thy acceptation.

SHACKERLEY MARMYON

THE
MEN OF THE WORLD.
A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Philautus, a Lord inamord of himself.	William Browne.
Ardelio, his parasite.	Ellis Worth.
Trimalchio, a humorous gallant.	Andrew Keyne.
Agurtes, an Impostor.	Mathew Smith.
Antolicus, his disciple.	James Sneller.
Capitio, a young Novice.	Henry Gradwell.
Miscellanio, his Tutor.	Thomas Bond.
Snarle, } friends to Philautus.	Richard Fowler.
Fidelio. }	Edward May.
Ieffery, tenant to Philautus.	Robert Huyt.
Triphæna, wife to Philautus.	Robert Stratford.
Faustina, sister to Philautus.	Richard Godwin.
Millescent, daughter to Agurtes.	John Wright.
Margery her maid.	Richard Fouch.
Quartilla, Gentlewoman to Triphæna.	Arthur Savill.
Bawd.	Samuell Mannery.
2 Whores. Pander. Officers.	



Prologue.

GEntle spectators, that with gracefull eye
Come to behold the Muses Colonie,
New planted in this soyle ; forsooke of late
By the Inhabitants, since made fortunate
By more propitious starres ; though on each hand
To over-top us, two great Lawrels stand ;
The one, when she shall please to spread her traine,
The vastnesse of the Globe cannot containe ;
Th' other so high, the Phœnix does aspire
To build in, and takes new life from the fire
Bright Poesie creates ; yet we partake
The influence they boast of, which does make
Our Bayes to flourish, and the leaves to spring ;
That on our branches now new Poets sing ;
And when with ioy hee shall see this resort,
Phœbus shall not dischaine to stile't his Court.



HOLLAND'S LEAGVER.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Fidelio, Snarle.

Fid.



Hat *Snarle*, my deare *Democritus*, how is't?
You are a Courtier growne, I heare.

Snarl. No Sir :

Thats too deepe a mystery for me to professe,
I spend my owne revenewes, onely I have
An itching humour to see fashions.

Fidel. And what haue you obseru'd, since you came hither?

Snarl. Why they doe hold here the same Maxime still ;
That to dissemble, is the way to live :
But promotion hang's all vpon one chaine,
And that's of gold ; he that intends to climbe,
Must get up by t'ie linkes ; and those are tyed
Together, with the thread of my Lords favor.

Fidel. So Sir.

Snar. And all desire to live long, and healthy ;
But ambition and luxury will not permit it.

Fid. I hope you doe not share in their desires.

Sna. There is other prepostorous dealing too ;
Fornature cannot finde her selfe amongst them,

Hollands Leaguer.

There's such effeminacy in both sexes,
They cannot be distinguished asunder ;
And for your times and seasons of all ages ;
Your best Astrologer cannot discerne them,
Not Spring from Autumne ; you shall have a Lady,
Whose cheeke is like a scrue, and every rinkle
Would looke like a furrow, yet with a garnish
Is so fild up and plaistred, that it lookes
As fresh as a new painted Taverne, onely

Fid. Hold there, you'll run your self out of breath else :
And now resolve me of the Lord *Philantus* :
Is all that true that is reported of him ?

Sna. Who, he ? the most besotted on his beauty ;
He studies nothing but to court himselfe ;
No Musick but the harmony of his limbes ;
No worke of art but his owne symmetry,
Allures his sense to admiration.

And then he comes forth so bath'd in perfumes,
Had you no sense to guide you, but your nose,
You'd thinke him a Muske-cat, he smels as ranke,
As th'extreame unction of two funerals.

Fid. My sence will never be able to endure him.

Sna. Such men as smell so, I suspect their favour.

Fid. Is none his friend to tell him of his faults ?

Sna. There want nor some, that seeke to flatter him ;
For great mens vices are esteem'd as vertues.

Fid. O they are still in fashion : in them
A wry necke is a comely president :
Disorder, disagreement in their lives
And manners is thought regular, their actions
Are still authentick, if it be receiv'd ;
To be illiterate, is a point of state.

Sna. But the worst thing which I dislike in him,
Which he does more by words then action ;
He gives out that the Ladies dote upon him,
And that he can command them at his pleasure,
And swears, there's scarce an honest woman.

Fid. How.

Hollands Leaguer.

Snar. It is not well to say so, but by this light,
I am of his minde too. *Fid.* You are deceiv'd,
There are a thousand chaste. *Snar.* There was an age
When *luno* was a maide, and *love* had no beard,
When miserable *Atlas* was not opprest
With such a sort of Dieties, and each
Din'd by himselfe : before *Vsners* and *Pages*,
Swarm'd so, and Banquets, and your *Masques* came up,
Riding in Coaches, visiting, and Titles,
So many Playes, and Puritan *preachings*,
That women might be chaste; now 'tis impossible:
Now should I finde such a prodigious faith,
I'de honour't with a sacrifice.

Fid. Tis ill

To be incredulous, when charity
Exacts your beleefe: but let that passe:
What will you say, if I finde out a meane
To cure him of his folly?

Snar. Then I pronounce
The destruction of *Bedlam*, and all mad felkea
Shall be thy patients.

Fid. Nay, I'll doe it:
I'll make him in love, and doe it.

Snar. That's a cure
Worse then any disease. I can as soone
Beleeve a fire may be extinct with oyle,
Or a Fever coold with drinking of Sacke.

Fid. Suspend your judgement, till I confirme you.

Snar. No more, stand by, here comes the Parasite.
That is *Narcissus*, and this is his *Echo*.

Fid. What is he?

Snar. One that feeds all mens humors, that feed him,
Can apprehend their iests, before they speake them,
And with a forced laughter play the Midwife,
To bring them forth, and carries still in store
A Plaudite, when they breake wind, or urinc.
He fits his Master right, although he ne're
Tooke measure of him, and though he has not beeue

Hollands Leaguer.

Farre from home, yet will lye like a Traveller.
Hee'll rather vex you with officiousnesse
Then you shall passe unsaluted : his businesse
Is onely to be basie, and his tongue's still walking,
Though himselfe be one of the worst moveables :
A confus'd lumpe leavened with knavery.
Stand by a little, and let's heare his discourse.

A C T . I . S C E N . 2 .

Ardebio, Jeffry, Fidelio, Snarle.

Ard. Jeffry come hither.

Jeff. Sir, I wait upon you.

Ard. Jeffry, you know that I have ever beeene
Indulgent to your knaveries.

Jeff. I thanke your worship, you haue euer beeene my friend.

Ard. Wink'd at your faults.

Jeff. True.

Ard. And the reason is,

Because I still am welcome to thy wife.

Jeff. Your worship may be welcome thereat all times.

Ard. Honest Jeffry, thou shalt lose nothing by it.
You know my authority in the house : my Lord
Puts all the care into my hands, has left mee
The managing of his estate, because
I know the way to humour him.

Jeff. That is an euident token of your worships wisdome.

Ard. And none of them have any place or being,
Without my suffranc.

Jeff. Sir, you are of power to disperse us like attomes.

Ard. Therefore I expect the reverence is due unto my place.

Jeff. And reason good.

Ard. Well, for thy honest care,
I meane to substitute thee under mee, and vouch for thee
In all infernour matters, for I meane
To take my ease, and pamper up my Genius.

Hollands Leaguer.

As well as he, onely for entertainments,
Or any thing belongs unto the Kitchin;
Let me alone,

Jeff. Yes Sir, your providence
Has shew'd it selfe sufficiently that way.

Ard. I'll take the ayre in his Coach, eat of the best,
And for my priuate drinking, I wll haue
My choyce of Wines, fild out of vessels, whose age
Has worne their Countries name out, and their owne,
Like some unthankfull Hospitall, or Colledge,
That has forgot their Founder.

Shar. To what purpose,
I wonder, should Nature create this fellow?
He is good for nothing else, but to maintaine
The mutinie of the Paunch, against the members.
Keefe him from his Whore, and his Sacke, and you
Detaine him from his center.

Ard. By the way,
I will acquaint thee with a secret *Jeffry.*

Jeff. What's that, Sir?

Ard. I doe love a pretty Wench well.

Jeff. Tis the onely gentile humor that is extant.

Ard. I will not leave my recreation that way,
For a whole Empire, 'tis my *summum bonum*,
My sole felicity, tickles my conceit,
But not a wold.

Jeff. Not I by any meanes, Sir?

Ard. And for this cause, I meane t'apply my selfe
Wholly to my Venerie. I feele this heat
Renewes my bloud, and makes me younger for it.
And thou shalt keepe one for me at thy house.

Jeff. Where, at my house?

Ard. I, there, a beauy burthen
Of fleshly desires, daily growes upon me;
And easie workes on my nature, once a weeke,
When I am ballasted with wine, and lust,
I'll saile to my Caparies.

Jeff. And unlade there.

Hollands Leaguer.

Ard. Wilt keep her for me, & let none come neere her.

Jeff. I haue had such favour at your worships hands,
That should good fortune come in humane shape
To tempt your Mistris, I'de not let her in.

Ard. I'll procure thee the Lease of thy house free,
And when I haue done, I'll see it shan't stand empty :
Hast thou any good roomes for Stowage there ?

Jeff. Spare roomes enough, Sir, why doe you aske ?

Ard. Because I will convay away some Housholdstuffe.
That's not amisse.

Jeff. No Sir.

Ard. Tis quite against my nature to see any ~~vacuum~~
Besides, 'tis not an age to be honest in.

Jeff. That's the high way to pouerty.

Ard. I meane to make the benefit of my place therefore,
And when I haue done, I'de faine see all your Artists,
Your Polititians with their Instruments
And Plummets of wit, sound the depth of mee.

Jeff. It lyes not in the reach of man to fathome it.

Ard. Were I set in a place of Justice now,
They would admire me, how I should become it ;
Cough on the Bench with State, sit in my night-cap,
Stroke out an Apophthegme out of my beard,
Frame a grave City face, jeere at offenders,
Cry out upon the vices of the times,
O Tempores, O morum.

Snar. How the rancke Raskall
Is overgrowne with flesh and villanie ?

Ard. This getting of monie is a mysterie,
Is to be learnt before a mans Alphabet,
No matter how, tis suppos'd, he that has it
Is wise and vertuous, though he be obscure,
A fugitive, and perjur'd, any thing,
He, and his cause, shall neither want for friends.
He is the chicke of the white Hen, old Fortune :
What ere he treads upon, shall be a Rose.
He shall be invited to his Capon, and Custard,
Ride to the Sheriffs a feasting on his Foot cloth,

Hollands Leaguer.

Posseſſe the highest roome, have the first carving,
With please you eat of this, or that, my Noble,
My Right Worſhipfull brother? your rich men
Shall ſtriuē to put their ſonnes to be his Pages,
And their wives to be his Concubines.

Ieff. Shall marry young ones a purpoſe for him.

Snar. Very likely.

Ard. No more, be gone, I heare my Lord a comming,
I'll ſend thee my Wench, marke me, keepe her cloſe:

Ieff. Beleeve it, not a breath of ayre comes neere her,
But what ſteales in at the window.

Ard. 'Tis well ſaid.

Ieff. But ſtay, Sir, will ſhe not be too great a charge
To keepe her to your ſelfe, what if you hir'd her
By the moneth, as your Factors doe beyond ſea,
And when ſhe is growne old and leakie, Sir,
Mend her i'th docke, and fraught her ore for *Holland*.

Ard. I, ore the water, 'twas well thought upon.
I thinke, and ſhee were trimd up, ſhee would ſerue
At laſt for ſuch a voyage well enough.

What wilt thou ſay, when I haue done with her,
If I doe make thee Maſter of my bottome?

Ieff. Who me? the diuell ſhall be the Pilote first,
Ere I come neere their quick-sands, their base roads.
They haue a dangerous Key to come into.

Ard. What ere the Key be, ſtill the dore's kept faſt.

Ieff. As ſtrict as an Aldermans at dinnertime:
I, and the way to hell is growne ſo narrow,
A man's in danger to paſſe ore, for if
We reele beside the bridge, ſtraight we shall fall
Into a Lake that will foulie diught us,
Darker and deeper, then *Sȳx or Cocitus*.

Ard. Well rim'd *Ieffry*, this knaue will come in time,
By being often in my Company,
And gleaning but the refuſe of my ſpeech,
T'arrive at ſome proportion of wit,
But to avoid ſuſpition, be gone. *Exit Ieffry.*
Now would I ſee the man that ſhould affront me.

Hollands Leaguer.

My Lord will straight be here, I'll entertaine him,
And talke as superciliously, and walke
As stately, as the Warden of a colledge,
Vntill I haue made a right Pupill of him.

A C T . I , S C E N . 3 .

Snarle, Fidelio, Ardelio.

Snar. **H**ow now *Ardelio*, what? so melancholy?
Ard. Faith all this day I haue bin so imploid
With setting things in order, and provisions,
I can compare my paines to nothing lesse,
Then a Lord Generals.

Snar. Why what's the matter?

Ard. Things must be ordered, and there's nothing
Done, unlesse I ouersee it; my industry
Must marshall the Dishes, put the Stooles in ranke,
See the Wood set upon the carriages,
Sharpen the Knives; all these witnesse my care
The very shining of the Candlestickes
Acknowlede my directions.

Snar. Tis much,
The strange activity that some men haue
To dispatch businesse.

Ard. Why Sir, did you never
Heare how *Apelles* pictured *Homer* spewing,
And all the Poets gaping to receive it?

Snar. Yes, and what then?

Ard. In the same manner doe I,
Upon the Huskers, the Clarks, and the Butlers,
The Cookes, and other Officers, amogst whom
I finde to be a drought of understanding,
Showre downe the dregs of my counsell.

Snar. They are like to be well edified.

Ard. Here comes my Lord, make roome for my Lords grace.

A C T .

A C T. I. S C E N. 4.

Philautus, Triphæna, Trimælchio, Ardelio;
Snarle, Fidelio.

Ard. God save your honour, may your flourishing youth
Enjoy an everlasting spring of beauty,
And know no Autumne.

Philau. Thankes good Ardelio:

Your wishes haue effect; this is the tree,
Vnder whose shadow Flora builds her Bower,
And on whose branches, hangs such tempting fruit,
Would draw faire Atalanta from her course;
An Altar, on which Queenes shold sacrifice
Their scorned loves: Nature will scarce beleeve
It is her owne invention, and repines
She has no way to be incestuous.

Triphæ. Mr. Trimælchio, I am sick to heare him.
I can't abide these repetitions,
And tedious Encomiums of himselfe:
Let you and I walke a turne in the Garden.

Trim. You are the onely Garden of my delight,
And I your deare Adonis, honour'd Lady.

Exeunt Trimælchio, Triphæna.

Philau. Ardelio, tell me how this suit becomes me?

Ard. Exactly well, Sir, without controuersie,
And you weare it as neatly.

Philau. Nay I have
A reasonable good Taylor, I hope he has not
Surveyd me so long, but he knowes my dimensions.
I thinke, I may venter i'th presence with it.

Ard. I'th presence, I, and love were in the presence,
You'd thrust Ganymede out of his office.

Philau. What thinke you Gentlemen?

Fid. We all doe wish,
Your beauty, or your vanity were lesse.

Hollands Leaguer.

For by this meanes, that which would else commend you,
Proves your disgrace, you take the edge of playse oft,
Is due to you, by too much whetting it.

Philau. I should prove too injurious to my selfe,
Should I passe over, with a slight regard,
This building, Nature has solemnized
With such Magnificence, to which I owe
The loves of Ladies, and their daily presents,
Their houirely solicitations with letters,
Their entertainments when I come, their plots
They lay to view me, which shoud I recount,
Twould puzzell my Arithmeticke, and to answer
Their uniuersall desires, would aske the labours
Of some ten Stallions.

Ard. And make all jades of them.

Fid. You are the Center of all womens love then.

Philau. 'Tis true, I haue a strange attractive power
Over your females, did you never heare of
Three Goddesses, that stroue on *Ida* hill,
Naked before a shepheard, for a Ball,
With an inscription ; Let the fairest have it.

Fidel. And what of those ?

Phil. Bring them all three before me :
If I surprise them not all at first dash,
If they fall not together by the cares for mee,
Nay, if they runne not mad, and follow mee,
As if they were drunke with a loue potion,
Nere trust a Prognosticator againe.

Smar. But how if you should chance to meet *Diana* ?
Take heed of her, it is a testy Gire, *Phil.*
A profest Virgin. *Phil.* 'Tis my ambition
To meet with her, to bath my limbs with her,
In the same Well, shoot in her bow, dance with her,
And get the formost of her troupe with child,
And turne the rape on *Invicta*.

Smar. Fine yfaith.

Fid. It seemes that you are of opinion,
There is no text of woman kinde so holy,

But

Hollands Leaguer.

But may be corrupted, though a Deity.

Philau. Ardelio, tell me what thou doſt think of them.

Ard. Who I? hang me ſhould I be questioned
Now for my faith, concerning Articles,
Of womenſchaſtitie, I ſhould bee burnt
For a ranke Heretike, I beleeve none of them.

Fid. But I thinke otherwife; and can iuftifie it.

What if I bring you now unto a beauty

As glorious as the Sunne, but in desire

Cold, as the middle Region of the ayre,

And free from all reflexion of lust?

Philau. But ſhall I ſpeak with her, and tempt her to it?

Fid. You ſhall converse with her, and ſhe ſhall feed

Your ſeafe with ſuch diſcourſive influence,

And a voyce ſweeter than the *Lydian* tunes

Love would bow downe his eare to, yet her bloud

Shall runne as cold as Iulips through her veynes:

The ſpring-tide of her youth, ſhall ſwell with more

Delights, then there be drops in Aprill, yet ſhee

As chaff as *Salmeis*, amidſt the ſtreames.

Her eye ſhall ſparkle like the Diamond,

And be as pure, her kiffes ſoft and melting,

As the South wind; but undefil'd as heaven.

And you ſhall feele the Elementall fire

Of her unſpotted love, and grieve, and ſweare:

Shee is ſo celeſtiall, and Divine a creature,

Thats onely hot in her eſſe, not nature.

Philau. Why ſuch an one would I converse withall.

The Conqueſt will be greater, ſhall I ſee her?

Fid. I'll bring you to her.

Ard. He has a ſtrong beleafcſe.

I have no ſuch coſidence, ſhe may be *Lucreſſe*,

And he a fooliſh *Colatin* to brag of her.

But moſt of them, in playing fast and loose,

Will cheate an Oracle. I haue a creature

Before thefe, Courtiſers likke their lip; at her,

I'll riſt a wanton haggard in the wind.

This Lady is his ſiſter, and my Miftris,

Hollands Leaguer.

Yet both unknowne to him, some few yeares since,
Her father iealous of my love, because
I was a Gentleman of no great fortune,
Sent her away, and charg'd her by an oath,
To marry none, till seven yeares were expir'd,
Six parts of which are gone, yet shee remaines
Constant to what shee promis'd, though his death,
Has partly quit her : To live in her sight,
And not enjoy her, is a heavenly torment,
But unsufferable, I must liue apart, not
Till the præfixed minute be expir'd.
In the meane time, I'll worke by some good meanes,
To winne his love, and draw him from his folly.
But first by him, I'll try her constancy.
I must prepare her for his entertainment,
Because shee will admit no Company,
Nor will be knowne to any, but my selfe.
Come Sir, let's goe, by that which shall ensue,
You shall affirme, what I relate, is true.

A C T. I. S C E N. 5.

Agurtes, Autolicks.

Agur. **T**is a dull age this same, castes not her eyes
On men of worth, Captaines and Commanders,
Victorius abroad, are vanquish'd at home,
With poverty, and disgrace, they looke as bad
As *Brutus*, when he met his evill Genius :
Worse, then they had beene frighted from the ruines
Of *Iiss* Temple ; and you Sir, for your part,
That have beene brought up under me at my elbow,
A daily witnesse unto all my projects,
That might have got experience enough
To cozen a whole State, if they had trusted you.
Now to be wanting to your selfe, worne out,
No name, or title, but on posts, and trenchers,

And

Hollands Leaguer.

And dores, scor'd with a cole, in stead of chalke,
Are my hopes come to this?

Autol. What should I doe?

I haue no thrining way to lye and flatter,
Nor haue I such dexterity of wit
As you haue (blest be heaven) to convert
Blacke into white.

Agur. Nay, if you have no will,
Nor power to free your selfe, you must resolve
To sticke in the dirt still.

Autol. Nor can I promise
The death of any by the Statres, I haue
No rich mans funerall to solemnize,
That left a guilt ring for my Legacie,
And his old Velvet jerkin to survive him.
I have no secret boyles within my breast,
For which I am fear'd, no suit in Law to follow,
No accusation 'gainst a great man,
No house to let to farme, no tender wife
To prostitute, or skill to corrupt others,
And sleepe amidst their wanton Dialogues.

Agur. I cry you mercy, you would faine be stil'd
An honest politicke foole, see all mens turnes
Seru'd but your owne; so leave off to be good.
For what is now accounted to be good?
Take a good Lawyer, or a good Atturney,
A Citizen that's a good Chapman;
In a good sense what are they? I would knows
Why a good Gamester, or a good Courtier?
Is't for their honest dealing? Take a good Poet,
And if he write not bawdy lines and raptures,
I'll not giue a pinne for him.

Autol. Would you haue me
A&t the plagiary, and seeke preferment,
To be the drunken bard of some blacke strewes?
And thinke my destine well satisfied,
When my shame feeds me, and at length expect
A Legacie, beguicath'd me from some Bawd,

Hollands Leaguer.

In lieu of my old service, or according
To the proportion of my *Hernia*.

Agur. Wel I perceive that I must once more take you
To my protection, which if I doe,
I'll teach you better rules, you shall no more
Commit your misery to loose papers.
Nor court my Lord with Panegyricks, nor make
Strange Anagrams of my Lady: you shall not need
To deale for stale Commodities, nor yet
Send forth your privy Bills without a Seale,
To free you from your lodging, where you have
Laine in, most part of the vacation.
You shall no longer runne in score with your hostesse
For browne Tofts and Tobacco, but you shall leave
Your open standings at the ends of Lanes,
Or your close coverts in Tobacco-shops,
Where you giue strickt attendance like a Serjeant,
Vntill some antidated Country cloake
Passee by, whom you most impudently may
Assault, to borrow twelve pence; but beare up
Stifly, and with the best.

Antol. How shall that be done?

Agur. We will not call *Tiresias* from the dead,
To shew us how, as he did once *Ulysses*.
You must resolue to learne vertue from others,
Fortune from me.

Antol. For that I'll make no scruple.

Agur. I haue a bird i'th wind, I'll fly thee on him.
He shall be thy adventure, thy first quarry.

Antol. What's hee?

Agur. A golden one, that drops his feathers,
That has receiv'd his patrimony, giues monie
For all acquaintance, when he first came up,
His onely search was for prime Curtezans.
And those he entertain'd for Mistresses,
Only sometimes to drinke a health to them,
The Ladies too would use him for a cooler,
But they suspect his silence, yet he lies.

Holland's Leaguer.

Their names and titles as familiarly
As he had bought them, thou shalt hooke him in,
And cracke him like a Nut.

Autol. Is he not the Sonne
To the rich Vsurer, that died so lately?

Agur. The same, that heap'd up mony by the Bushel;
And now this studies how to scatter it.
His father walkes to see what becomes of it,
And that's his torment after death.

Autol. When shall I see him?

Agur. He is to meet me here within this houre,
Then take you an occasion to passe by,
And I will whisper to him privately,
And prayse thee, beyond Pirith or Hannibal.
You must talke, and looke big, 'twill be the grace on't.

Autol. What shall I turne a Roarer?

Agur. Any thing.
Broker, or Pandar, Cheater, or Lifter,
And steale like a Lacedemonian.
Obserue what I doe, and fill up the Scene.

Enter Boy.

How now? what newes?

Boy. Sir, there's some five or six without to speake with you.

Agur. How, five or six.

Boy. Yes, Sir, and they pretend
Great busynesse.

Agur. What manner of men are they?

Boy. They looke like pictures of Antiquitie.
And their cloakes seeme to have bin the coverings
Of some old Monuments.

Agur. They are my Gibeonites,
Are come to traffique with me, some designe
Is now on foot, and this is our Exchange time.
These are my old projectors, and they make me
The superintendent of their busynesse.
But still they shooe two or three bowes too short,
For want of monie and adventurers.
They haue as many demurres as the Chancery,

And

Hollands Leaguer.

And hatch more strange imaginations
Than any dreaming Philosopher ; one of them
Will undertake the making of Bay-salt,
For a penny a Bushell, to serue the State,
Another dreames of building water-woakes,
Drying of Fennes and Marshes, like the Dutchmen.
Another strives to raise his fortunes, from
Decay'd Bridges, and wold exact a tribute
From Ale-houses, and signe-posts : some there are,
Would make a thorow-fare for the whole kingdome,
And office, where Nature shold give account
For all shee tooke, and sent into the world.
But they were borne in an unlucky houre,
For some unfortunate mischance or other,
Still come a'thwart them ; well I must into them,
And feast them with new hopes, 't will be good sport,
To heare how they dispute it, *Pro, and Con.*
In the meane time, *Antolius*, prepare
To meet my Courtier.

Antol. I have my Q. Sir.

A C T. 2, S C E N. I.

Agurtes, Trimalchio.

Agur. Is neere about the time he promised.

Trim. Boy.
A Goe and dispatch those Letters presently.
Returne my service to the Lady *Lantus*.

And carry backe her Watch, and Diamond.
Aske if the Dutchesse has beene there to day.
And if you chance to see the Lord her brother,
Tell him I'll meet him at the Embassadours.

Boy. I sha Sir.

Agur. What M. *Trimalchio*.
Yo'are punctuall to your houre.
Trim. Sir, for your sake,
I can dispense with my occ asions.

You'll

Hollands Leaguer.

You'll not imagine what a heauy stirre,
I had to come to day.

Agur. Why what's the matter?

Trim. No lesse then seven Coaches to attend mee,
To fetch me *Volens, Nolens.*

Agur. Pray from whom?

Trim. The Lord *Philantus*, and some minor Nobles,
Whose names, I am loath should clog my memorie,
They strove for me, as the seven *Gracian* Cities
Were said to wrangle about the blinde Poet,

Agur. How got you rid of them?

Trim. I had the grace
To goe with none of them, made an excuse,
T' avoyd their troublesome visitations.

Agur. How doe they relish your negle&t of them?

Trim. I know not, yet I still abuse them all.

Agur. How? not abuse them.

Trim. I meane laugh at them.
Some passages, some sprinkling of my wit,
No otherwise, for which you little thinke
How I am fear'd amongst them, how the Ladies
Are tooke with my conceits, how they admire
My wit, and judgement, trust me with their secrets,
Beyond their Painter, or Apothecary.
I'll tell you in a word, but 'twill perplexe you,
I am their *Lasanophorus*.

Agur. Their Pisse-pot carrier.

Trim. Their winged *Mercury*, to be employd
On messages, and for my company,
They sweare it is the Element they move in.

Agur. You are happy, *Signior Trimelchio*.

Trim. I thanke my Fates, they haue not altogether
Envyed me the fruition of such gifts
Are worth the taking notice of, besides
Some speciall helpes of our owne industry.
I lately studied the *Economics*.

Agur. What's that?

Trim. The ordering of my Familie.

Hollands Leaguer.

I haue reduc'd it to a certaine method.

Agur. As how?

Trim. I'll tell you, since my fathers death,
First thing I did, I casheir'd his old seruants ;
And to avoid confusion, and expence,
I left the Countrie, to revell it here.
I' th view of th' world, and in the sight of beauties,
And haue confi'd my selfe unto some certaine
Appendices, some necessary implements.
My single Page, my Coach, my Groome, my Foot-boy,
And my two pentionarie Whores.

Agur. And these
Are all your inventorie.

Trim. Stay, who comes there?

Enter Autolius.

Agur. O'tis *Autolius.*

My Noble friend, and brother of the Sword;
His stomacke, and his Blade are of one temper,
Of equall edge, and will eat flesh alike.
He walkes there melancholy ; to shew that worth
Can passe unregarded, be proud to know him,
He is the shrewdest pated fellow breathing,
The onely Engineere in Christendome,
Will blow you up a Caracke like a squib,
And row under water : th' Emperour,
And *Spinola*, by secret intelligence,
Haue laid out for him any time this ten yeares,
And twice he has escap'd them by a tricke.
He is beyond *Dædalus*, or *Archimedes*,
But liues conceal'd like a Seminary,
For feare the State should take notice of him.
Machavill for policie, was a Dunceto him,
And had he liv'd in Mahomets daies, h' had beene
His onely Counsellor for the *Alcaron* :
He is newly come from *Holland*.

Trim. My bodie
Is all of an itch, to be acquainted with him,
Pray speake to him for me.

Agur. Nay more, he is able

To

Hollands Leaguer.

To make you a perfe& States-man in a moneth,
Able to be imployed beyond the Line.

Trim. You will for euer thrall me to your service.

Agur. Harke you, *Autolius*, here's a Gentleman,
Who though he be the *Phœbus* of the Court,
So absolute in himselfe, that the desires
Of all men tend towards him, and has power
Enough, to wander in the *Zodiacke*
Of his owne worth, yet craves your acquaintance.

Autol. I take, Signior Trimalchio.

Trim. Doe you know me then?

Agur. By an instinct, Sir, men of quality
Cannot lye hid.

Trim. Indeed, my fathers name
Was *Malchio*, for my three additions,
Of Valour, Wit, and Honour, 'tis enlarr'd
To Mr. Trimalchio; this is wonderfull.

Agur. Alas, 'tis nothing, Sir, if you knew all.
No Ambuscado of the enemy,
No treachery, or plot, but he foresees it.
He was the first brought o're the mysterie
Of building Sconces here in *England*, a Trade
That many live upon.

Trim. A good Common-wealths man.

Agur. But this is certaine, once in a strait Leaguer,
When they were close besieg'd, their Ammunition
And victuals, most part spent, he found a meanes,
To yeeld the Towne on composition.

Trim. Stand by a while, I must reward his vertues.
Sir, will you please t' inlarge your disposition,
T' accept a Curteisie, to binde me to y cu.

Autol. I doe not use to sell my liberty,
But that I see your face promise true bounty.

Trim. Haue you skill in the face, Sir?

Autol. I were not fit else, to be stil'd a traveller.

Trim. How doe you find my looks inclin'd to State?

Aut. Sir, you haue won me to powre out my thoughts,
And I must tell you plaine, they are too loose,

Hollands Leaguer.

Too scatterd, to pretend such an *acumen*,
Too much displaid, and smooth, you must haue quirks,
And strange *Meanders* in your face t' expresse
A State subtilty, I'll make it plaine.
Hereafter by demonstration in the Opticks.

Trim. Who would haue loit the opportunitie
Of getting such a friend? Cam: you from Holland?

Autol. Yes, very lately.

Trim. Pray what newes from Holland?

Autol. Holland's beleaguer'd.

Trim. What all Holland beleaguer'd?

Autol. And wil hold out as long as *Busse* or *Bulloign*.

They haue their Mote and Draw-bridge, I haue giuen them
Besides, a draft of a fortification,
Will hold them play this twelvemonth, for they keepe
Their passage open, and want no supplies,
For whosoeuer comes, they pay them soundly:
The French have made many onflats upon them,
And still beene foyld.

Trim. Is there such hot service there?

Autol. Crossing the Line's a Bath to it, I had like
Beene scorcht to death with the intemperature
Of the Climate, 'tis the onely *Zona torrida*,
In the whole microcosme of man or woman,
If you shall once come neere the height of it,
I will melt you like Lightning.

Trim. Shal's build a Sconce there?

Autol. If you please.

Trim. Agreed, who is the Leader of
These factious troupes?

Autol. A woman.

Trim. How, a woman?

Now by t' is hand, an *Amazonian*,
A *Tomare*, a right *Penthisile*.
I'll view this Leaguer by this light, and swim
Like a *Leander* o're the *Hellespone*,
That shall divide me from these *Heroines*.

Agar. 'Tis well resolu'd, you are not married Sir?

Trim.

Hollands Leaguer.

Trim. No pox, I know them all too well for that;
I can vse them for recreation, or so.

Agur. What thinke you of a rich Widow?

Trim. I'll none of them,
They are like old cloathes that haue beene worne.

Agur. I like you, that you care not for such relicks;
But yet I thinke I haue a match will fit you,
An Orphan, a young heire, that has some thousands,
Besides her possibilities, if you
Can win her, she is at her owne disposing,
There's one that knowes her.

Trim. By instinct, it may be.

Autol. But for the patterne of true modesty,
'Tis seldome knowne, riches and vertue meet
In such a mixture.

Trim. Will you bring me to her?

Agur. I, and perhaps perswade her to't, you know not
Let us secure this businesse first of all,
And then wee'll meet at the Leaguer.

Autol. 'Tis good counsell.

Trim. And I'll confirme all with a joynture.

Agur. Well,

'Tis done,
I'll tell you more of her, shee is one
Whose tender yeares have not as yet aspir'd
The height of wickednesse, but may be brought
To commit venery in her owne language,
And be content with one man, has not rob'd
Young boyes of their voices, knowes not her slights,
And doubles, nor her Labyrinths, through which,
The *Minotaure* her husband shall nere tracke her,
Cannot indite with ar, nor give a censure,
Vpon the lines are sent her, has no agents,
No factors, pentioners, or Champions,
Nor has her teares fixt in their Station,
To flow at her command, and so confirme
Her perjury; nor large in her expence, nor one
That when she is drest, will call a conventicle

Hollands Leaguer.

Of young, and old, to passe their iudgements on her,
As if her life were gag'd upon the matter;
Nor carries an *Ephemerides* about with her,
To which sh' ascribes your forked destinie,
Nor is her body crazie, neither takes shee
Physicke for state, nor will rise up at Midnight
To eat her Oisters, and drinke Wine, till lust
Dance in her veines, and till the house turnes round,
And shee discerne not 'twixt her head and taile.
Nor holdeth strange intelligence abroad,
To furnish her discourse with, neither takes shee
Her journie once a yeare to th' Bath, nor is
So learned, as to iudge betwixt your Poets,
Which of them writes best, and fluenst, nor yet
Is growne an Antiquary, to decide
Matters in Heraldry : she has no fucus,
To catch your lips like Birdlime, nor yet uses
Restoratives, more then the helpe of nature ;
I'll speake the noblest words I can, of you :
So many women on a meere report,
Doe fall in love with men, before they see them.

Trim. Nay, when I see her, I am sure of her.
I haue a little hast, I am to meet
A Countesse at th' Exchange within this houre.
Besides, I haue a Catalogue of busynesse,
If I could thinke on't : so I take my leaue,
Farewell Gentlemen.

Autol. Farewell Sir.

Agas. Farewell sweet M. Coxcombe.
This Wench I so commended, is my daughter.
And if my skill not failes me, her I'll make
A Stale, to take this Courtier in a brake.

A C T . 2 . S C E N . 2 .

Fidelio, Faustina.

Fid. Is there no meanes t' absoluē you of your oath ?
The blame on me, let the bright day no longer

Envy

Hollands Leaguer.

Envy the darkenesse, that conceales such beauty :
You are no Votarie, and yet force your youth
To such a strict and solitary life,
Which others bound by vow, cannot performe.
I wonder at the temper of your bloud,
So differing from your Sexe, when your old women
Doe burne with lustfull thoughts, as with a Feaver,
Yet you goe on, in the old track of vertue,
Now overgrowne with seeds of vice.

Faust. Sweet heare me ;
It is a penance that I liue reseru'd,
Because my loue to you was made abortiue,
But when due time shall perfect in her wombe,
And bring it forth anew unto the birth :
I will surrendre up my selfe, and it,
To your dispose : Let it suffice the while,
I am no haunter of your publike meetings,
No entertainer, nor no visiter.
Nor did I euer trust my wandring eyes,
To view the glittering vanitie of the world,
Nor euer yet did sit a guilty witnesse
To a lascivious, and untun'd discourse,
Sounding to their phantastick actions.

Fid. But I must beg one favour at your hands,
And suffer no repulse.

Faust. What is't? *Fid.* It may offend you.

Faust. It shall not.

Fid. Then know that I have boasted of your beauty.
Nay more, expos'd thy vertues to the triall.

Faust. You haue not prostituted them on Stalls,
To haue the vulgar fingers sweat upon them,
As they doe vse upon your Plaies and Pamphlets?

Fidel. I am engag'd to bring a Lord to see you.

Faust. A Lord.

Fid. And you must use all art for his content,
With Musicke, Songs, and dancing, such as are
The stirres of hot appetites.

Faust. Prophane,

Hollands Leaguer.

And idle wretch, to cast away thy hopes,
Upon a Pandarly profession.
Or didst thou thinke, that I could be corrupted,
To personate a Strumpets dalliance?
I grieue for thee. Be gone, henceforth I'll liue
Immur'd for euer, as an Anchorist,
From him, and thee, since thou hast wrong'd my loue.
Fid. Mistake me not, the difference 'twixt the Poles
Is not so great, as betwixt me, and basenesse:
Nor is't a sinister intent to make
Your favours stale, and common as a drugge,
Which are so deare to me, that both the Indies
Are not of equall value to ingrosse,
But for a noble and peculiar end.

Faust. This seeines to me a Paradox. *Fid.* 'Tis true.
Faust. If it be so, 'tis granted, speake it free.
Fid. Then if you please to grant relief
To my desires, take them in briefe;
I would haue you first expresse
All the skill that comelinesse
Can invent, to make you seeme
Faire, and pleasant, as loves Queene.
When shee *Archises* came to kisse
On the Bankes of *Simois*.
Call the graces, and suborne
Them thy beauty toadorne,
Thy face, the table where loue writes
A thousand stories of delights:
Make it all over, smooth and plaine,
But see you shadow it with disdaine.
Weave a net out of thy haire,
A subtle net, that may ensnare
Such fond soules as shall aspire
To come neare the holy fire
Of thine eyes, which were of late,
By *Cupid's* torch illuminate.
Use all the delusive art
That may captiuate his heart.

Faust.

Hollands Leaguer.

Faust. What's your intent in this?

Fid. I'll haue him punisht.

He casts aspersions of disloyalty,
On all your sexe, and you shall vindicate them
When he is plung'd in love irrevocable,
As conquer'd by thy all subduing looke,
Then you shall binde him to conditions,
As I shall first instruct you, shall redeeme
Him from his folly, and next cleare your honour.

Faust. Your will's a law, and shall not be withstood,
When my ill's quited with anothers good.

A C T . 2 , S C E N . 3 .

Agurtes, Autolicus, Margery.

Agur. Margery, goe call your Mistris.

Autol. What is shee?

Agu. My daughters maid, a wench fit for the purpose,
Cunning as a Whore: besides, I haue prouided
A bed, and hangings, and a casting bottle,
And once a day a Doctor to visit her.

Enter Milescent.

Milescent come hither, know this Gentleman.
Captaine, here lyes our venter, this is shee,
The rich Antonio's daughter, the great heire,
And Neece to the grand Sophies of the City;
That has beene woed and sued to by great Lords,
Aldermanes sonnes, and agents of all sorts.
Thus we haue spoke thy prayse, wench, has not seene
The man she likes yet, but her fortunes may
Ordaine her to some better choyce, to the making
Of some deseruing man, which must needs be
Trimalchio, and no other; how lik'st thou her?

Autol. Hang me so well, I thinke you may goe on,
In a right line, she is worthy of a better.
Few of your moderne faces are so good.

Agur. That's our comfort, shee may put a good face on't.

Hollands Leaguer.

Milles. Let me alone, Sir, to be impudent,
To laugh them out of countenance, looke skirvy,
As a Citizens daughter new turn'd Madam.

Mary. I warrant yon, Sir, my Mistris, and I,
Hauē practised our Lirrippoope together.

Agur. Thou must infinuate strange things into her
Both of her vertue and Nobility,
The largenesse of her dowry, besides Jewels,
Th' expected death of her old grandmother,
That has a blessing for her, if she marry
According to her minde, keepe him at distance,
Make him beleue, 'tis hard to haue acceſſe,
And wait the happy houre, to be let in
At the backe doore.

Mary. I, and the fore-doore too.

Autol. Thou hast a noble wit, and ſpirit, wench,
That neuer was ordaind for any ſkinkaid
T' ingender with, or mechanick Citizen,
Vnleſſe it were to Cuckold him, thou ſhalt
Be ſtill i'th front of any fashion,
And haue thy ſeuerall Gownes and Tires, take place,
It is thy owne, from all the City wires,
And Summer birds in Towne, that once a yeare
Come up to moulter, and then go down to'ch Country
To jeere their neighbours, as they haue beene ſeru'd.

Agur. Nay more, if you can act it handſomely,
You'll put a period to my undertakings,
And ſaue me all my labour of projecting,
As putting out my monie on returne,
From aqua pendente, or ſome unknowne place,
That has as much adoe to get a roome
Eth Map, as a new Saint i'th Kalender.
I will dead all my deuice in making matches,
My plots of Architecture, and erecting
New Amphitheaters, to draw the custome
From Play-houſes once a weeke, and ſo pull
A curse upon my head from the poore ſcoundrels.
I will hinder to the gaine of Courtiers,

Hollands Leaguer.

Put on by me, to begge Monopolies,
To haue a sixt share in the businesse,
Nor need I trample up and downe the Country,
To cheat with a Polonian, or false rings,
Nor keepe a tap. house o' h Banke side, and make
A stench worse then a Brew-house, 'mongst my neighbours,
Till I am growne so poore, that all my goods
Are shipt away i'th bottome of a Sculler,
And then be driven t' inhabit some blind nooke
I'ch Suburbs, and my utmost refuge be
To keepe a bawdy house, and be carted.

Milles Nere feare it Sir.

Agur. 'Tis well, speake for thy selfe, Girle.

Milles. If I doe not, let me be turnd to ashes,
And they be buried in an vrne so shallow,
That boyes may pisse into it, let me deale
In nothing else but making Sugar Cakes,
Oyntments, and Dentifrices: Let me serue
Seven yeares Apprentiship, and learne nothing else,
But to preserue and candy. Let me marry
With a Pedant, and have no other dowry
Than an old cast French-hood. Let me line
The scorne of Chambermaids, and after all,
Turne a dry-nurse.

Autol. You shall haue trophies, wenches,
Set up for you, in honour of your wits,
More then Herculean pillers, to advance
Your Fame to a *non ultra*; that who euer
Shall read your history, may not attempt
To goe beyond it.

Agur. Well, prepare your selues
To entertaine him.

Autol. Faith you need not doubt them,
To manage the businesse.

Milles. Let us alone.

Agur. We leauue the charge to your discretion.

A C T. 2. S C E N. 4.

Triphæna, Quartilla.

Quar. **M**adam, in troth this griefe does not become you,
'Tis an ill dressing for so good a face,
Yet you pursue it with such eagernessee,
As if you were ambitiously sad.
'Tis some invincible malignitie
Makes her untractable, deafe to all comfort.
What might I gheſſe the cause of this disaster?
Her Monkey and her Dog are both in health,
I thanke my providence, onely her Monkey
Is a little costiue, but I'll phyſicke him:
Sure her intelligence arriv'd too late,
About the laſt new fashion, or the crime
Lies in the Sempſter, or it muſt needs be
Some other grand ſolecisme in her Taylor.
What if it proue a Capitall offence,
Committed by the tire-woman? but I beſeeue
Some ſkiruy Ladie put it in her head,
To practiſe a ſtate melancholy, that firſt
Begins in an imperious revolt,
And frowning, and contempt of her owne husband,
And what ſhe might recover by the Law
In caſe of ſeparation, or a nullity,
Which ſhe already has tooke counſell of:
Come it is ſo.

Triph. Nay tell me now, Quartilla,
Can I behold the current of that loue
Should flow to me with a prodigious course,
Runne backe to his owne head, to haue a husband
That ſhould grow old in admiration
Of the rare choyce he made in me, at laſt,
As if there were a barrennesſe and want
Of my perfections, dote upon himſelfe?
I could plot againſt him? Pre'thee Quartilla,

How

How long hast thou beene chaste?

Quar. This chastity
Is quite out of date, a meere obsolete thing;
Cleane out of use, since I was first a Mayd,
Why doe I say a Maid? let *uno* plague me,
If I remember it, for I began
Betimes, and so progresst from lesse to bigger;
From boyes to Lads, and as I grew in yeares,
I writ my Venery in a larger volume.

Triph. Where's my brother? Quar. With his Tutor forsooth.

Triph. I thinke that dull *Prometheus* was a sleepe
When he did forme him, had he but so much
As the least sparke of salt that is in me,
He would see me righted.

Quart. He is very obtuse,
And so are many of your elder brothers.
I carried all the wit from mine, when I
Was young, I'de haue lookt a Captaine in the face,
Answerd him in the Dialogue, and haue stood
On tip-toe to haue kist him: But for your brother,
Doe not despaire good Madam, what although
His breeding be a little course, he may be
A Lord in's time, now he has meanes enough?

Triph. I sent for him up hither to that purpose:
But yet I am ashamed to have him seene,
Or shew him publikely.

Quar. You haue prouided
A Tutor to instruct him, a rare man,
One that has poyson'd me with eloquence,
I feare he will make my belly swell with it.

Triph. Goe call the Novice hither, and his Tutor.

Exit Quarilla.

And now I thinke on't, Mr. *Trimatchio*,
Shall take him strait to court with him, to learne
And imitate his fashions, sucke from him
The Quintessence of education.
He is the onely man I know, and for
His face, it is the abstract of all beauty.

Hollands Leaguer.

Nor does his voyce scurd mortall, I could dwe
For ever on his lip, his very speech
Would season a tragedy ; nay more, there is
A naturall grace in all his actions.

A C T. 2. S C E N. 5.

Thiphena. Quartilla, Capritio, Miscellanio.

Triph. **V** **V** Hat are you come, tis wel, advance yet forward
We ever told you what a hatefull vice
This bashfulness was counted.

Quart. You forget
The Theoremes we told you. Lord how often
Shall we inforce these documents upon you ?

Capr: May not a man buy a brazen face, think you,
Among all this Company ?

Quar. By no meanes
Your Trades-men will not part with them, there are
Many i'th City haue such furniture,
But they doe keepe them for their owne wearing.

Miscel. Stand by a while, let me salute these Ladies.
Haile to these twins of honour, and of beauty.

Quar. Sir, you transgresse in your opinion,
If you consider both, alas my beauty
Is much exhausted.

Miscel. Lady, you are deceiued,
For you are amiable, or else I haue
In vaine, so often exercised my indgement
In the distinction of faces. *Quart.* I shall
Be proud to be so feated in your favour.

Triph. But tell me, Signeour Miscellanio,
What thinke you of your pupill ?

Miscel. Troth I found him
As rude as any Chaos, so confus'd
I knew not which way to distinguish him.
He seem'd to me, not to participate
Of any Gentle Nature, never I thinke,

Hollands Leaguer.

To fashion out a *Mercury* with such
A crooked peece of timber, was attempt ed
By a true traveller : but I hope in time
To rectifie him, for *Labor vincit omnia*.

Triph. Does he come on well, Is there any hope
He will receive his true dye, his right tincture?

Miscel. I warrant you, that I'll make him in time,

A perfect *Caveleiro* : he shall weare
His clothes as well, and smell as ranke as they,
And court his *Mistris*, and talke idly : that's
As much as can be required in a true Gallant,
T' approue him one : nay more too, he shall dance
And doe the halfe *Pomado*, play at *Gleeke*,
And promise more than ere he will performe,
And nere part with a penny to a *Trades-man*
Til he has beat him for't : shall walke the streets
As gingerly, as if he fear'd to hurt

The ground he went on, whilst his cast downe eye
Holds commerce with his legge : shall utter nothing
What ere he thinkes, yet swa'ret what ere it be.

Nay more, he shall vow love to all he sees,
And damne himselfe to make them beleue it.
Shall fawne on all men, yet let his friend perish,
For what he spends in one day, on his *Punke*,
For Coach hire: these are speciall properties,
And must be often pra&ctis'd, to remember,
He shall never rise till it be ten a clocke,
And so be ready against dianer time.

Caprit. Slight and my father had not bin an *Asse*,
I might haue beene able to haue writ this downe.

Triph. Pray let me heare how he has profited.

Miscel. Salute these Ladies as you were instru&ted.
You must conceiue the coldnesse of his courtship,
As yet points but one way ; you may suppose it
To his disdainfull *Mistris*, when he shall come to
The *Cape de bme speranza* of her loue,
He may vary like the compassle of his complement.

Caprit. Lady, the Fates haye led me to your service,

To

Hollands Leaguer.

To know my selfe vnworthy of your favours:
Yet let me so farre winne upon your bountie,
That what I utter in humilitie,
May not cause my contempt, or have my loue
Shak'd off, because tis ripe, but let me hang by
The stalke of your mercie, the remnant of whose life
Lies in your power.

Miscel. Your oath now to confirme it,
If she should chance to doubt, or presse you to it.

Caprit. That's true indeed. By the structure of your breasts,
And by the silken knot that tyes your haire
Vpon the top of your crowne, I protest it.

Quart. If he can persevere, tis excellent.

Enter Trim alchis.

Trim. Where be these noble Ladies?

Triph. Sir you are come in the most happy houre,
I was wishing for you.

Trim. I am in hast,
And onely come to see you: there's a banquet
Stands ready on the table, and the Lords
Sweare they will not sit downe, untill I come.

Triph. You stil are in such hast, when you come hither.

Trim. I thinke I must retire my selfe, I am
So sued and sought ro, where I come, I am growne
Even weary of their loves: Last night at a Masque,
When none could be admitted, I was led in
By the hand, by a great Lord, that shall be namelesse,
And now this morning early, in his Chamber,
A Fencer would needs play with me at foyles,
I hit him in three places, and disarm'd him.

Quar. Why now my dreame is out, I lay last night
Vpon my backe, and was adream'd of fighting.

Triph. Sir, will you please to know these Gentlemen,
My brother, and his Tutor.

Trim. I must craue pardon,
Is this your brother?

Triph. Yes.

Trim. I must embrace him.

Hollands Leaguer.

I never saw a man in all my life
I so affected on the sudden, sure
There's some Nobility does lurke within him
That's not perspicuous to euery eye:
He promises so faire, I should haue knowne him
To be your brother, had you not told me so.

Miscel. Your method now of thankes.

Capri. Right Noble Sir,
I haue so often times beene honour'd,
And so much madefied.

Quart. That word I taught him.

Capr. With the distilling influence of your bounty,
That I must blame my selfe, and my hard fortune,
That has envyed me the ability
To render satisfaction.

Miscel. Very well.

Trip. Sir you must pardon him, he is but a Novice,
Newly initiated, and 'tis his fault,
That he is bashfull.

Trim. Is that all? I'll take him
To Court with me, where he shall be acquainted
With Pages, Laundresses, and wayting women,
Shall teach him impudence enough.

Trip. 'Tis my desire.

Quar. His Tutor has taught him the Theory,
Onely he wants the practike.

Trim. I pray Sir,
Without offence, may I demand of you,
What doe you professe?

Miscel. Why Sir, any thing
Within the compasse of humanity.
To speake, or act, no Pythagorean
Could euer thinke upon so many shapes
As I will put you in; the French, the Spanish,
Or the Italian garbe; not any one,
But ioynly all, I'll make a perfect man
Out of the shreds of them.

Quart. Besides the riding

Hollands Leaguer.

Of the great Mare ; nay Sir, his very carvings,
Euen to the disce&ting of a Capon.
Are Lectures of Anatomy.

Trim. I shall
Be proud to know him.

Miscel. Now I colle& my selfe,
Sure I haue seene you Sir in *Pedua*,
Or some face neere like yours.

Trim. I haue indeed,
Receu&d letters of invitation
From one, that's sonne to a *Magnifico*,
Who is inform'd that I am very like him.

Miscel. There was the mistake then.

Trim. Sir, had I power
O're my occasions, which now are urgent,
I would most willingly employ the time
In survay of your vertues.

Miscel. Sir, it has beene
The scope I euer aym'd at in my travells,
To seeke out, and converse with such as haue
With forraine obseruations advanc'd
Their naturall endowments, and I thanke
My Starres, I haue beene euer fortunate
To be belou'd amongst them, and that you
Are one, I make no question.

Trim. Sir, you need not.

Miscel. My mind was euer larger, than to be
Compris'd within the limits of my Country.
And I congratulate my Fate, in that
I come so neare the vertue of that planet,
That rul'd at my Nativitie ; whose nature,
Which e're it be, is euer to be wandring.

Trim. Sir, I must be abrupt, but for my promise
Vnto some Noble friends that doe expect me,
I could not easily be drawne away
From one in whom so many severall graces
Are so apparent, therefore I intreat you
Not to impute it to my lacke of judgement,

Hollands Leaguer.

Or negle&t of your worth.

Miscel. By no meanes, Sir,
Friendship is turn'd into an iniury
When it usurps authority, conceiue me,
O're a friends businesse, some other time
Shall serue to give a mutuall testimonie
Of love betweene us, and how much I honour you,

Quar. When will you doe this?

Capr. I am practising.

Tripl. Prethee *Quartilla*, helpe me stave them off.
Although they haue no mercy on themselues
Yet we must use some conscience.

Quar. Gentlemen,
You'l breake your wits with stretching them, forbear
I beseech you.

Trim. My wit, it never failes me,
I haue it at a certainty: I'll set it
To runne so many houres, and when 'tis downe,
I can wind it up like a Watch. But I feare
I have deceiu'd the time too long. Ladies,
I'll take my leaue of your faire beauties: you haue
No service to enjoyne?

Tripl. You'll take my brother

Capritio with you.

Trim. If he please, and his Tutor.

Miscel. My suffrage shall consent to any thing
Her Ladyship approues.

Quart. You must remember,
You proue not refractory to your discipline,
'Twill be much for your improvement.

Trim. I'll bring him
Vnto a Captaine, shall set both our faces
To looke like the very *Ianns* of a States-man,
And so farewell: Come Sir.

Exeunt Trimachio, Capritio.

Tripl. I told you, *Sig.our*,
What a rare man he was.

Miscel. In all my travells

Hollands Leaguer:

aue nor met the like; not any one
Was so mellifluous in his discourse.
I thinke when he was young, some swarne of Bees
Did light upon his lips, as it was fain'd
Of Hesiod.

Triph. Let's in, for I shall mourne,
And be melancholy, till his returne.

A C T. 3. S C E N. I.

Philautas, Ardelio.

Phil. Ardelio, we are now alone, come tell me

Truly, how does the vulgar voice passe on me.

Ard. Why Sir, the shallow currents of their brains
Runnes all into one streme, to make a deepe,
To beare the weighty burthen of your fame.

Phil. And 'tis all true they say.

Ard. That you are most faire,
A most exact, accomplitsh, gentile Lord,
Not to be contradicted, 'tis a truth
Aboue all truths, for where is any truth,
That is agreed upon by all, but this?

Phil. Such is the force of beauty, there is nothing
Can please without it, and who euer has it,
As there be few, is adjudg'd happy in it.

Ardel. All this is true.

Phil. Then he that has a pure
And sublim'd beauty, 'tis a thing sensible,
And cannot be denied, must be admir'd,
And free from all detraction.

Ardel. This is true.

Phil. He that excels in valour, wit, or honour,
He that is rich, or vertuous, may be envy'd,
But love is the reward of beauty; no obie&
Surprises more the eye, all that delights us,
We ascribe beauty to it.

Ardel.

Hollands Leaguer.

Ardel. All this is true.

Phi. Looke high or low, 'tis true, why are the stars
Fixt in their Orbis, but to adorne the heauens ?
And we adore their beauty more than light.
Looke on the Arts, how they tend all to beauty,
'Tis their onely end : he that builds a house,
Scriues not so much for use, as ornament,
Nor does your Orator compose a speech
With lesser care, to haue it elegant,
Then moving ; and your Limner does obserue
The trimme, and dresse, more then the rules of painting.

Ard. All truth, and Oracles. *Phi.* Look on a faire ship,
And you will say, 'tis very beautifull.
A Generall reioyces in the title
Of a faire Army. I'll come nearer to you,
Who were thought worthy to be deified,
But such as were found beautifull ? for this cause,
Love tooke up Ganimede from *Ida* hill,
To fill him wine, and goe a hunting with him.

Ard. 'Tis too much truth to be spoke at one time.

Philau. It shall suffice, but yet you know that man
May safely venter to goe on his way,
That is so guided, that he can not stray.
Enter Fidelio.
How now, hast thou obtain'd in thy request ?

Fid. I haue with much entreaty gain'd your admittance

Phil. Let me embrase my better *Genius*.

Fid. I doe not use the profession.

Phil. 'Tis an Art

Will make thee thrive ; will she be coy enough ?
To tell you true, I take a more delight
In the perplexity of woing them,
Then the enjoying.

Fid. She is as I told you.

Phil. If she be otherwise than I conceiue.

A pox on the Augury.

Fid. But harke you, Sir,
You need not be known who you are. *Phi.* For that,
Trust to my care ; Come let us goe about it.

Hollands Leaguer.

Some men may terme it lust ; but if it hit,
The better part shall be ascrib'd to wit.

Excuse.

A C T . 3 . S C E N . 2 .

Timælio, Capritio, Agurtes, Autolicus.

Trim. How goes our matters forward? *Ag.* Very well Sir,
H For I haue made your entrance open ; told her
All that I can to grace you, that you are
Exactly qualified, unparalleld,
For your rare parts of mind, and body, full
Of rare bounty, and that she likes best in you,
Shee holds it a good arguement you will
Maintaine her well hereafter, marry else
She is naturall covetous, but that's
A point of Huswivery, she does not care,
You should spend much upon your selfe, and can
Dispense with housekeeping ; so you allow her
To keepe her State, her Coach, and the fashion,
These things she meanes to article beforehand,
I tell you what you must trust to.

Trim. Very well Sir.

Agu. Now see that you be circumspe&t, and faile not
In the least circumstance ; you may doe somewhat
Extraordinary, at the first meeting.
For when she has conceiv'd of your good nature,
The lesse will be expected.

Trim. Why the Captaine
Has put me in a forme.

Agur. Of words he has,
But you must doe the deeds.

Trim. I, so I will.
For looke you Sir, I haue the severall graces
Of foure Nations, in imitation
Of the foure Elements, that make a man
Concurre to my perfection.

Ag. As how? *Trim.* I am in my comple&ment, an *Italiav*,

In

Hollands Leaguer.

In my heart a Spaniard,
In my disease a Frenchman,
And in mine appetite an Hungarian.

Agur. All these are good and commendable things
In a Companion, but your subtle women
Take not a mans desert on trust, they must
See and feele something, what you giue her now,
You make her but the keeper, 'tis your owne,
You winne her by it: I should be loath to see you
Out done with Courtesies: what if some Guil,
That has more land than you, should interpose it,
And make ecclipsē betweene you? 'tis a feare,
Therefore you must be sodaine, and dispatch it,
For she is ticklish as any Haggard,
And quickly lost: she is very humoursome.

Trim. I'll fit her then, I am as humoursome
As her selfe, I haue all the foure humors.

I am hot, I am cold,
I am dry, and I am moyft.

Agur. I must be like the Satyr then, and leaue you,
If you are hot and cold.

Trim. Oh you mistake me.

I am hot in my ambition,
I am dry in my iests,
I am cold in my charity,
And moyft in my luxury.

Autol. Sir, for the Gentlewoman that is with her,
Not so much in the nature of a servant,
As her Companion; for 'tis the fashion
Amongst your great ones, to haue those wait on them
As good as themselues: she is the sole daughter
To a great Knight, and has an ample dowry.
Apply your selfe to her, though it be nothing
Elſe but to practise Courtship, and to keepe you
From sleepe and idlenesse.

Capriſt. I shall be rul'd
By you in any thing.

Autol. You shall not doe.

Hollands Leaguer.

A misse then : what? you may get her good will :
And then obie&t to your friends ; you can
Advance your selfe without their counsell.

Capr. Counsell ;
I still scorn'd that.

Trim. Captaine, a word with you :
Were I not best looke like a Statesman, thinke you ?

Antol. What to a woman? 'twere a solecisme
In nature, for you know Cupid's a boy,
And would you tyre him like a Senator,
And put a declamation in his mouth?
'Twere a meere madnesse in you : here they come ;
See what a Maistry she beares, goe meet her.

A C T. 3, S C E N. 3.

*Trimalchio, Capritio, Agurtes, Autolicus,
Millicent, Margery.*

Tri. Stand by, it is my happinesse invites me.
So that I could appeare like Jupiter,
Vnto his Scene.

Agur. Why, would you burne her?
Tri. Yes, with my love I would; most Loyal Lady,
After the late collection of my spirits,
Lost in the admiration of your beauty,
Let me crave pardon. *Milles.* Sir, for what?

Trim. My boldnesse. *Milles.* I apprehend none.
Trim. You must pardon me,
For I am jealous of the least digression :
And you may justly frowne.

Milles. I should be loath,
To acknowledge so much from you.

Trim. Lady, you have those faire additions
Of wealth, and parentage, joyn'd to your vertues,
That I may justly suspect your disdaine :
But by my hopes, I doe not court your fortunes,
But you.

Milles. Believe

Hollands Leaguer.

Miles. Beleeve me, no deserving man
Shall be the leſſe esteem'd for that, where I finde
Ability to governe, what I bring him.
Tis that I valew: things that are without me,
I count them not my owne.

Trim. Tis a ſpeech Lady,
Worthy an Emprefle. I am a made man,
Since you haue cleer'd the heaven of ycur brow:
Now by that light I ſwear, a brighter day
Nere broke upon me.

Agur. Sir, I hope this Lady
Shall haue no cauſe to repente your admittance.

Miles. Sir, for my part, ſince vertue is my guard,
I doe not onely keepe my doores ſtill open,
But my breast too, for Gentlemen of merit.

Trim. Now by this ayre, that does report your voice
With a ſound more then mortall: by your faire eyes,
And as I hope to be enrold your ſervant,
I honour the meanest ſtitch in your garment.

Miles. I would not wiſh you place your love upon
A thing ſo meane, ſo likely to be caſt off.

Trim. O diuine counſell! that ſo rare a beauty
Should mixe with wiſedome: theſe words are not loſt.
I am your ſlave for ever. I'll goe hire
Six Poets to ſing your praife, and I my ſelfe
Will be the ſeventh to make up the conſort.

Autol. You ſee your friend there, M^r Trim alchis
Is like to ſpeed, and fairely on his way
To much happineſſe. I would not willingly
That any ſhould miſcarrie in a plot
That I have a hand in: you muſt be ſodaine
I told you, if you meane to be a favourite
To fortune, and your Miftris, and be bold.

Cap. If I had ſpoken to her, the brunt were paſt.

Autol. I then the yce were broke; now ſhe makes towards
Tis the beſt time, let no occaſion ſlip, (you,

Cap. Lady advance the pinnacle of your thoughts,
And enlarge the quadrangle of your heart,

Hollands Leaguer:

To entertaine a man of men.

Autol. A man of men? I have not blotted out of my memory
Of meanes, sweet Lady, that I can assure you.

Marg. Hee's so much the more welcome, I assure you,

Autol. You are welcome by this meanes, doe you mark

Caprit. Some 3000. a yeaire or thereabouts, (that is to say)
Alas I value it not, 'twill serue to trifles. I have not blotted out of my memory
In pinnes, and gloves, and toies, and banquets.

Marg. 'Tis much. One of so tender yeaires, should step so soon
Into the world.

Caprit. Indeed the spring of my courtship
Has beene somewhat backward; but I will striue
To redeeme it; I haue some seeds a growing,
Shall make m' ere long, spread like a Gentleman,
And you shall say so too.

Marg. I doe beleue it.

Caprit. Nay where you doe or no, 'tis no great matter.

Autol. Be not Capritious.

Caprit. My name's Capritio.

There be in Towne of the Capritio's, a man of note
Came from our house, that shall approve it so.

Autol. What will you say, if I shew you a way
To get a generall credit?

Caprit. Can you doe it?

Autol. I can, and will; I'll haue you out of hand,
The master of a good horse, and a good dogge,
And be knowne by them.

Caprit. Will that doe it? *Autol.* Will it?
Why when you once haue match'd your horse, or dogge?

The adverse party being a man of note,
'Twill raise an inquisition after you.

Whose is the horse, sayes one, Mr, Capritioes.
What he, sayes another? a Noble Gentleman.

'Twill draw the eyes of a whole Shire upon you,
Besides the Citizens that goe downe to bett.

Caprit. Why this is rare indeed.

Autol. And then 'twill furnish you

Hollands Leaguer

With fitting discourse for any mans tables. for example. . .
A horse and a dogge, no better a subiect. . .
To exercise your tongue in, many Ladies. . .
Talke in that dialogue; besides, there being no horse or dogge
A kind of neare relation in the nature of them. . .
Of you and those beasts. the good qualities. . .
That are in them, may be thought to be yours. . .

Cap. I'll buy me a dancing horse that can caper,
And haue him call'd *Caprius*, by my name.

Aut. You may doe so. *Capr.* Lady, by your leane, I will.

Mar. Sir, what you please. *Aut.* Her desires go with yours.
Obserue but what a wife sh's like to proue,
That is no more imperious, being a Mistris.

Cap. Brother come hither. *Trim.* I am busie here.
How doe you like the fabricke of this Watch?

Milles. Pray let me see it, a rare peece of worke.

Trim. It cost me twelve pound, by this light, this morning.

Milles. But that it was so deare, I would haue begg'd it.

Trim. 'Tis at your service, Lady.

Milles. I'll make vse of your service, Trim. . .
Your courtesie, with many thankes, Sir.

Trim. Nay, but
You must not haue it.

Milles. Will you goe from your word?

Trim. I'll giue you as good, but this is none of mine,
By this hand I borrowed it.

Milles. You said you bought it. *Trim.* I said so indeed.

Milles. You should doe well to buy you
A better memorie, as I shall hereafter,
To keepe at distance with you.

Exit Milescent.

Agur. Is she gone? *Trim.* Gone in a sume.

Agur. How did you anger her?

Trim. She would haue begg'd my Watch, and I excus'd it.

Agur. She beg your Watch? she scorns to beg any thing.
Shee has more than shee can tell what to doe with.
Perhaps shee long'd for yours, and woulde receive it
As a courtesie, why would you shew it her,
Unlesse you meant to part with it?

Hollands Leaguer.

Trim. I know not :
I thinke my wit was cramp't,

Agur. You must ne're looke for,
The like occasion offerd you; why this
Was such a time to win her loue : a gift a little
Would put her every houre in minde of you.

Trim. What shall I doe ? Agur. Best send it after her.

Trim. Doe you carry it ; tell her withall, I'll send her
A Coach and foure horses, to make her amends.

Agur. Give me the Watch, if I doe make all good,
Will you performe your promise ?

Trim. By my life, I will it do : I'll send them
I'll send them without faile, immediatly.

Ag. I'll after her, and see what I can do. *Exeunt quatuor.*

Cap. Stand for a watch : here takethis Diamond :
Nay, doe not wrong me, I have sworne you shal,
Were it as good as that which was made precious
By Berenices finger, which Agrippa
Gave his incestuous sister, you should have it.
What doe you thinke I am an Asse ? no sir,
Tis he has taught me wit.

Auto. And you are happy,
That can be wise by other mens examples.

Cap. What should I loose my Mistris for a toy ?

Trim. Lead on good brother, I am all of a swcar,
Untill some gale of comfort blow upon me. *Exeunt.*

A C T. 3. S C E N. 4.

Philautus, Fidelio, Faustina.

Fid. You see that I have brought you to the treasure,

And the rich garden of th' Hesperides :
If you can charme those ever-watchfull eyes
That keepe the tree, then you may pull the fruit,
And after glorie in the spoyle of honour.

Phit. Prethee let me alone with her.

Fid. I'll leave you.

Exit Fidelio.

Phil. Ladie.

Hollands Leaguer.

Phil. Ladie, my preface is to know your name.

Fau. Faustina, Sir. Phil. I may be happie in you.
I have a sister somewhere of that name,
That in her youth did promise such a feature,
And hopes of future excellency: she had
A beautie mixt with maisticie, would draw
From the beholders, love, and reverence.
And I doe ill me thinkes, with unchaste thoughts
To sinne against her memorie: this taske
Would I were rid of; but I'll venter. Ladie,
You are not blinde, I conceive.

Fau. No sir, I have not
Yet scene a thing so strongly sensible,
To hurt my eye-sight.

Phil. Then I hope you can
Take notice of a Gentleman's good parts,
Without a Periphrasis.

Fau. What's that? Phil. A figure,
Needleſſe at this time to explaine my deserts,
So easie and apparent to be ſene.

Fau. I dare not enuie, nor detract, where worth
Do's challenge due relation of respect:
Nor is my wit ſo curious, to make
A gloſſe or comment on your qualities.

Phil. Tis too much labour, if were a taske would dull
The edge of Rhetoricke, to deſcribe them rightly;
Nor would I have them dwell upon your tongue,
But fixed in your thoughts, there let them moue.
Till they meet in coniunction with your love;
Nature would boast ſo ſweet a ſympathie:

Fau. I ſhould be ſorrie, if my understanding
Moud in ſo poore a circle, as your praise;
I have not leiuere to take notice of it.
Is this all you have to ſay? Phil. No, I have more;
But love is ſlow to dictate to my vowels:
And yet thofe ſacred and divine impulſions,
Strike truer then my heart, and by his power
That has inflam'd me, here I ſwear I love you.

Fau. Your

Hollands Leaguer.

Paus. Your oaths and loue, are made of the same ayre.
Both dye in their conception: quickly uttered,
And as easily not beleuued.

Phil. Nay now you wrong
My true intent.

Faust. Suppose I grant you love me,
What would you inferre?

Phil. That you should speake the like,
And with the same affection.

Faſt. If your loueſ. be not a bawd, yet
Be not a Bawd unto ſome base deſire, I doe returne the like.

Phil. I know not how
You may interpret it, but sure the law,
And the command of nature, is no basenesse,
A thing that *love* himselfe has dignified,
And in his rapes confess'd the god of loue
The greater of the two, whō Kings haue stoopt to,
We are allow'd t' inioy some stolne delights,
So we be secret in't ; for 'tis set downe
By such as in this art haue skilfull beeēne,
W' are not forbid to act, but to be scene.

Faſt. Vpon theſe termes, I doe deny you loue me
Twas luſt that flatter'd finne, made love a god,
And to get freedome for his thefts, they gaue
Madneſſe the title of a Deitie.
For how can that be loue, which ſeeks the ruine
Of his owne obiect, and the thing beloued.
No, true loue is a pure affection,
That giues the ſoule transparent, and not that
That's conuerſant in beaſtly appetites.

Phil. Tell not me of your Philosophicall loue,
I am a foole to linger, womens denyall
Is but an easie cruelty, and they
Love to be forc'd sometimes.

FAUST. Pray know your distance.

Phi. Come you dissemble, and you all are willing
Faust. To what?

Faust. To what?

Hollands Leaguer.

Phil. There's none of you but feele the smare
Of a libidinous sting; else wherefore are
Those baits and strong allurements to intice us?
Wherefore are all your sleekings, and your curlings,
Crispings, and paintings; and your skinne made soft,
And your face smooth with ointments, then your gates
Confin'd to measure, and compos'd by art,
Besides the wanton petulancy of your eyes,
That scatter flames with doubtfull motion,
Valesse it were to prostitute your beauty?

Faust. I'll giue account for none Sir, but my selfe.
And that I'll speake before my Virgin Zone,
Shall be vnti'de by any unchaste hand,
Nature shall suffer dissolution.
But what ere others be, me thinkes your worth
Should not pretend to an ignoble action.

Phil. Now by this light I thinke you'll moralize mee.

Faust. 'Tis my desire you should goe better from mee.
Then you came hither; you haue some good parts
But they are all exteriour, and these breed
A selfe conceit, an affectation in you,
And what more odious? Some applaud you in it,
As parasites, but wise men laugh at you.
Will you imploy those gifts that may commend you,
And adde a grace to goodnesse, had you any,
In the pursuit of vice, that renders you,
Worthy of nought but pittie?

Phil. I came as to
A Whore, but shall returne as from a Saint.

Faust. Then leave to prosecute the foggy vapours
Of a grosse pleasure, that involves the soule
In clouds of infamie. I wonder one
So compleat in the structure of his bodie,
Should haue his minde so disproportion'd,
The lineaments of vertue quite defac'd.

Phil. I am subdu'd, she has converted mee.
I see within the mirror of her goodnesse,
The foulnesse of my folly: sweet instruct me.

And

Hollands Leaguer.

And I will stile thee my *Egeria*.

Fau. It is a shame, that man that has the seeds
Of vertue in him, springing unto glory,
Should make his soule degenerous with sinne,
And slave to luxury, to drowne his spirits
In Lees of sloth, to yeeld up the weake day,
To wine, to lust, and banquets.

Phil. Here's a woman:
The soule of *Hercules* has got into her.
She has a spirit, is more masculine,
Then the first gender: how her speech has fill'd me
With love and wonder? sweet Ladie proceed.

Fau. I would have you proceed, and seeke for fame
In brave exploits, like those that snatch their honour
Out of the talents of the *Roman Eagle*.
And pull her golden feathers in the field.
Those are brave men, not you that stay at home,
And dresse your selfe up, like a Pageant,
With thousand anticke, and exoticke shapes,
That make an idoll of a Looking-glaſſe,
Sprusing your selfe two houres by it, with such
Gestures and postures, that a waiting wench
Would be ashamed of you, and then come forth
To adore your Mistris Fanne, or tell your dreame,
Ravish a kiffe from her white glove, and then
Compare it with her hand, to praise her gowne,
Her Tire, and discourse of the fashion;
Make discovery, which Ladie paints, which not:
Which Lord playes best at Gleeke, which best at Racket.
These are fine elements.

Phil. You have redeem'd me,
And with the sunne beames of your good counsell
Disperſt the mist that hung so heavie on me:
And that you may perceive it takes effect,
I'll to the warres immediately.

Fau. Why then,
I must confess I shall love you the better.

Phil. I will begin it in your happy omen:

But first confess, that you haue vanquisht me,
And if I shal o'recome an enemy,
Yeild you the Trophies of the victory.
Faust. Please you walke in the while.

Phil. I shall attend you.

Exit Faustine.

Henceforth I'le striue to flye the sight of pleasure,
As of an Harpy or a Basiliske,
And when she flatters, seale my eares with Wake,
Tooke from that boat, that rowed with a deaf oare,
From the sweete tunes of the Sicilian shoare.

Enter Trimachio, Caprio, Fidelio, Ardelio, Snarle.

Trim. Are you for the warre indeed?

Phil. Immediately.

Is there any of you will goe along with me,
Besides this Gentleman?

Trim. I thinke no body.

Phil. Ardelio, thou art my faythfull seruante.

Ard. Alasse sir,

My body is fat, and spungy, penetrable,
And the least cold will kill mee.

Snarle. Yet his face

Is hatcht with impudency, threefold thicke.

Ard. I am not for your Trenches, and cold crampes,
Their discipline will quickly bring me vnder:
Ile stay at home, and looke to your businesse.

Phil. Brother Caprio, what say you to it?

Capri. Who I? ods lid I am not such an Asse,
To goe amongst them, like your volunteers,
That frighted worse at home with debt and danger,
Trauell abroad i'th summer to see seruice,
And then come home i'th winter, to drinke Sacke,
I am none of those, i'le hardly trust my selfe,
In the Artillery yard, for feare of mischiefe.

Phil. Mr. Trimachio, you are yong and lusty,
Full of ambitious thoughts.

Trim. Tis true indeede,
That I am growne ambitious of honour.

Hollands Leager.

And meane to purchase it. Snarle. But with no danger
Of life and hope.

Trim. I meane to hazard a limme for it.

Phil. Why, whither are you going?

Trim. To the Leager,

Vpon the same imployment, that *Hercules*
Did once against the *Amazons*. Snarle. And I
Will stay at home, and write their annals for them.

Phil. Stay all at home, and hug your ignominyes,
And whilst we spoyle the enemay, may you
Be pil'd by pimpes. Cheaters intrenchvpon you.
Let Bawds, and their issues ioyne with you. Marry
With whores, and let projectors rife for you.
And so I leaue you.

Trim. We shall heare of you,
By the next *Caranto*, I make no doubt of it.

Actus 4. Scene 1.

Trimalchios Capritio.

Trim, Brother Capritio, are you well prouided
With ammunition? arm'd Capa pea,
To scale the Fort of our Semiramis?

Capr. I am appoynted, Brother.

Trim. Then let vs on,
And beate a parly at the gates. So, ho.

Enter Pander.

Pand. How now what bold aduenturers be here?
What desperat rudenesse tempts you to your ruine?
Here are no Geese to keepe our Capitoll.
But men of armes, you slaves, stout imps of *Mars*;
Gyants, sonnes of the Earth, that shall rise vp,
Like *Cadmus* progeny, to fight it out,
Till you are all consumed. Haue you any gold?
Tis that must breake our gates ope: there are lockt
A score of *Danaes* wenches of delight,
Within this Castle, if I list to shew you.

Where

Hollands Leager.

Where Circe keepes her residence, that shall,
If shee but lay her rod vpon your necks,
Trausforme you into Apes, & Swine, you sheepsface.
If thou shal't once but drake of her enchantments,
Shee'll make a Lyon of thee. Capit. Alasse sir,
I had rather looke like an Asse, as I am still.

Trim. Bee not too boistrous, my sonne of thunder.
Wee are wel-wishers to thy campe, and thee,
Here is a freshman, I would haue acquainted
With the mystery of your iniquity.

Pand. I do imbrace thy league, and returne the hand
Of friendship. To thy better vnderstanding,
I will discouer the situation of the place.

Tis of it selfe an Iland, a meere Swans nest:
Which had *Vlisses* scene, he would prefer
Before his *Ithaca*; and he whom Fate
Shall blesse to vanquish it; Hee may deserue
The name of a new conquerour. It has
The credit, to bee styl'd the *Terra florida*,
Of the best beauryes in the Towne, my friend;

That repaire hither vpon the least summons,
Besides some that are constant to their trenches.
Venus in his house is predominant.
Tis barren, I confess. Yet wholy giuen
To the deeds of fructication. But those
Are barrd from comming to perfection,
With Rhewmes, and diseases. You Dormise,
What must I reade a lecture to you gratis?

Trim. No sir, here's money for you.

Pander. You may enter,
And returne safe, vpon your good behauour.

Actus 4. Scene 2.

Band 2. Whores.

Band. Well, they may talke of Dunkerke, or of Calais,
Buricht with forraire booties, but if euer

Hollands Leager.

A little Garrison, or sconce, as this,
Were so fild vp with spoyles, let me be carted.

1. *Whore.* And carry it so cunningly away,
Beyond the reach of Justice, and of all
The iurisdiction in our owne hand,
Like a free state.

2. *Bawd.* Did not I purchase it?
And am not I the Lady of the Mammor?
And who shall dare to question mee? I hope,
I shall be able to defend my Fort,
From the inuasion of the painted stafte,
Or the tempestuous paper Engine, safe,
As a Moale in a Trench and worke at hie midnight.
When their wise heads are layd, wee'l rayse the spirits
Of our dead pleasures, vse the benefit
Of youth, and dance our Orgyes by the Moonelight.

1. *Whore.* I hope they neednot to condemne vs, wee drue
As open trade as they, and vent as ill
Commodities, as any: all that we vtter,
Is in darke shoppes, or else by candlelight.

2. *Whore.* We are become the enuy of Citizens.

1. *Whore.* It is reported that we study phyfickes.

Bawd. Why so?

1. *Whore.* The reason is, because we know
The seuerall constitutions of mens bodies.

2. *Whore.* And some teatme ys the Leager.

Bawd. We defye.

The force of any man, who's that knocks so?
Go bid the watch looke out, and if their number
Be not too plurall, then let them come in.
But if they chance to bee those russian Souldiers,
Let fall the purcallis. All they can do,
Is to discharge a volley of oathes at me.
He take no tickets, nor a future stipends.
Tis not false titles, or denominations
Of offices can do it. I must haue money.
Tell them so, draw the bridge. Ile make them know,
This is no widdowes house, but *Marcus Maritius*,
Is Lord of the Iland. Who waſt?

Hollands Leager.

1. Whore. The Constable. Bawd. What would he haue?

2. Whore. You know his businesse.

Bawd. Pox on the Marshall, and the Constable.

There cannot be a Mystery in a Trade,

But they must peepe into it. Mercilesse varlets,

That know how many fall by our occupation,

And yet would haue their Venerie for nothing.

A chambermayd can't haue a Ruffeto set,

But they must bee poking in it;

Now they haue brought vs vnder contribution,

They vex vs more then the Venetians doe

The whole Corporation of Curtezans.

But we must giue good words, shew them a roome.

Enter Ardelio.

Ard. There's hot seruice within, I heare the Muskets

Play from the Rampiers. I am valiant,

And will venter vpon the very mouthes of them.

Bawd. Mr. Ardelio, you haue beeene a stranger.

You are growne rich of late.

Ard. Who, I growne rich?

Bawd. Yes somewhat parsy for want of exercise.

Ard. Well, I was wont to put in for a gamester.

But now I am quite thrust out of all play.

Bawd. We were wont to be your subiects to worke on,

And since you scorne vs, yet you cannot say,

But you haue found good dealing at our hands.

2. Whore. We haue bin alwaies bent to your worships will,

And forward to helpe you on at all times.

Ard. Come, you are good wenches.

Bawd. Truely sir you know,

I keepe as good creatures at liuery,

And as cheape too, as any poore sinner

Of my profession.

Ard. Hast thou ere a morsell,

That is not tainted, or flye blowne?

Bawd. Indeede I haue

So much adoe to keepe my family sound,

You would wonder at it, and such as are so,

They are taken vp presently. But I haue one,

Holland's Leager.

I dare commend to you, for wind and limme?

Ard. Come, let me haue her then.

Bawd. Please you walke in, sir.

Exit Ardilie.

Enter Miscellanio.

Miscel. Its strange there is no more attendance giuen,
To vsher in a man of my quality.

Are you the Gouernesse of this Cinqueport, Lady?

Bawd. The fortresse, sir, is mine, and none come here,
But pay me custome.

Miscel. Hast thou neare a Pilot,
Or man of warre to conduct a man safe
Into thy Harbour? there be roagues abroade,
Piraticall varlets that would pillage mee.

Bawd. Very well, sir.

Miscel. I thought at first, you would haue bard my entrance;

Bawd. I doe not vse the fashions of those Countries,
That keepe a stranger out fourc weekes at sea,
To know if hee bee sound. I make no scruple,
But giue free traffique to all Nations.
If you haue payd your due, you may put in,
There is the way, Ile follow presently.

Exit Miscel.

I thinke our souldiers are all come, lets in

Janio.

And set the watch.

Enter Trimalchio, Capritio.

Trim. Stay punke, make roome for vs,
That haue aduanc'd our banners to thy walls,
Past all the pikes, the perdues, and the Centries?
Tis a good Onnes, whers Bellona there,
And the daughters of Mars, those braue Girles?
We are come to pay our homage to their smockes.

Bawd. Nay, if you are vnruly, we shall tame you.

Trim. Feare not, wee are tributaries, punke.

Bawd. Sir, doe you speake with no more reuerence
To me? it seemes you know me not

Trim. I shall

Endeauour to preserue thy dignity,
Art thou that braue Hyppolite, that gouernes
This troupe of Scythians? Speake, Oritbya,
My Adenalippe, my Antiope

Wce

Holland Leager.

Wee are sworne vassals to your petticoates.

Bawd. Did you attempt but the least iniury,
There be in readines, would vindicate
The wrongs, and credit of my house.
Thy power, punke, and do submit me, punke,
Tam Martis, quam Veneri. Tis thy Motto, punke.

Caprit. Would I could tell how to get out againe.

Bawd. How came you in? haue you performd all duties?

Trim. I threw thy *Cerberus* a sleepy Morsell,
And payd thy *Charon* for my waftage ouer.

And I haue a golden sprig for my *Proserpine*.

Bawd. Then you are wel-come, sir.

Trim. Nay I do honour
Thee, and thy house, and all thy vermine in't.
And thou dost well to stand vpon thy guard,
Spight of the statutes. Tis a Castle this,
A Fort, a Metropolitan bawdy house.

A *Cyno-sarge*, such as *Hercules*
Built in the honour of his pedigree,
For entertainment of the bastard issue.

Of the bold Spartan.

Bawd. You haue sayd enough, sir.
And for requitall, I will shew you in,
Where you shall read the titles, and the prices.

Trim. But here's a brother of mine is somewhat bashfull:
I'd faine deliuer him to thy discipline.

Bawd. What, is he bashfull? that's a fault indeed!
Come hither, chop, you must not be so shamefac'd.

Trim. Loe you there, sir, you shall come forth in print,
March on, my *Calypso*, come sir, follow your colours.
You shall haue the leading of the first title.

Actus 4. Scene 3.

Agurtes like a Constable.

Antolicus like watchmen.

Snarle like

Agur. Are your disguises ready?

[Antol.]

Hollands Leager.

Antol. I haue mine.

Snarle. Mine's in my pocket.

Agur. Put it on your face.

Now they are houſd, Ile watch their comming forth,
And fright them in the forme of a Constable,
If that succeeds well, then Ile change the person,
To a Iustice of peace; and you shall act

My clarke *Antolicks*. They say an officer
Dares not appeare about the Gates: Ile try it.
For I haue made one drunke, and got his staffe.

Which I will vſe with more authority,
Then *Mercury* his all-commanding rod,

To charme their steps, that none shall passe this way;
Without examination. There stalkes one, *Ardelio passes by*
Ile first know what he is; now they drop away,
As if they leapt out from the Trojan horſe;
This is the Autumne of the night: who goes there?

Ardel. A friend.

Antol. Friend, or foe, come before the Constable.

Agur. Whence come you, friend?

Ardel. And t' please you Sir, I haue
Been wayting on my neece, home to her lodging.

Agur. Why, is your Neece a Leagerer, a futiler,
Or Laundress to this Fort?

Ardel. No, and it like you,
Shee lyes without the camp.

Agur. You lye like a Pimpernel, Ile haue
You are an Apple-squire, a Rat, and a Ferrer.
I saw you bolt out from that Conney-berry.

Ardel. Mr. Constable.

Agur. Out of the wind of me: what do you thinke,
You can put out the eyes of a gorcrow?
Feb mee off so, the Constable, that haue
The parish stock of witt in my hands? I am glad,
That I haue got you from your couert. You shall
Bee learcht, you shall along with me sir.

Ardel. Whither?

Agur. No farther then to prison, where you shall pay,
but

Hollands Leager.

But forty shillings for nocht iuagation.

Ard. I am vadone then. There are forty old scores,
Lowe in Towne, will follow after mee.

Agur. What are you? whats your name?

Ard. Ardelio,
A Lords seruant.

Agur. Do Lords seruants doe this?

Ard. Alas, a veniall sinne, wee use to learne it,
When wee come first to be pages.

Agur. Stand by, ther's one has got a clap too.

Miscellano passes by.

Miscel. The shirt of Hercules was not so hot?

Snarle. Ther's one here has beene hurt with a Grenade.

Agur. How now, who's there?

Miscel. Herc's no body.

Agur. Nobody. My senses sayle mee then, who ist?
What man are you?

Miscel. No man, you are deceiu'd,
I can not find I am a man, that part
Is dead, wherein I once was an Achilles

Anto. Come neerer.

Miscel. I can not go, I haue lost my nerues.

Anto. You shall be carryed to the Layle then.

Miscel. Fitter

For an Hospital. I am condemned already
To fluxes, and dyet drinkes.

Trimachio. Caprio.

Trim. Murder, Murder, Mr. Constable, Murder.

Agur. Who's that? Jeronimoes sonnes ghost in the Garden?

Trim. O Mr. Constable, wee haue beene so vsde,
As neuer two aduenturous Gentlemen
In the hands of their enemies.

Agur. Whats the matter?

Trim. Let mee take breath: I am at the last gaspe.
We haue eskapt from the denne of the Cyclops,
There was one rannea spit against my eyes.

Capri. Amongst the rest, there was a blinke-eyed woman.
Set a great dog vpon mee.

Trm. They haue spoylid vs
Of our cloakes, our hats, our swords, and our money.

Snarle

Hollands Leager.

Snarle. Your wits, and credit were both lost before Capri. No, wee had not our wits about vs then.

Trim. Good sir, let's thinke on some reuenge, call vp The Gentlemen prentises, and make a Shrouetuesday.

Agur. By no meaneſ, I muſt ſuppreſſe all violence.

Caprit. My brother talkt of building of a ſconce, And ſtraight they feazd our cloakes for the reckoning.

Trim. There I loſt my hat and ſword in the reſkew.

Agur. Twas weſdone.

Trim. And whiſt ſome ſtroue to hold my hands, The other diu'd in my pocheſ. I am ſure, There was a fellow with a tand face, whose breath Was growne ſulphurous with oathes and tobacco, Puft terror in my face, I ſhal neuer bee Mine owne man againe.

Bawd and whores from aboue.

Bawd. Stop their throates, ſome body.

(mote.)

1 Who. Twere a good deed to haue made them ſwim the

2 Who. I, to haue ſcript them, and ſent them out naked.

1 Who. Let's ſally out, and fetch them in againe.

Then call a court on them for false alarums.

Trim. Flye from their rage, ſir; they are worse then They'll teare vs, as the Thraciaus did *Orpheus*, Harpyes, Whose Muſicke, though it charmd the powers of Hell, Could not bee heard amongſt theſe. Mr. *Ardelio*, And *Miscellanio*, I ioy to ſee you, Though ill met here.

Miscel. Signiour *Trimalchio*, Sir you muſt pardon me. I can not ſtoope. I haue the *Grincums* in my backe, I feare Will ſpoyle my courtʃhip.

Trim. Mr. *Ardelio*, Who would expect to haue met you here?

Ard. Nay, who would not expect it? tis my haunt. I loue it, as a pigeon, loues a ſalt-pit.

Miscel. O mee! my ſcholler to: how came he hither? I did not meane t' impart this mystery. How could hee find it out?

Trim. His owne *Minerua*,

And

Hollands Leager.

And thy helpe, sir. Agar. Well you must alltogethers.

Trim. Whither must wee go?

Agar. Marry, before a Justice.

To answere for your ryot.

Ardel. M. Constable.

Agar. I can not dispence with it.

Miscel. Let vs redeeme our peace.

Agar. Not before next sessions. Bring them away.

Snarle. Come, there's no remedy.

Actas 4. Scene 4.

Bawd, Whores, Pander.

Bawd. Was euer such a treacherous plot intended,

Against our State, and dignity?

Pand. Had this

Past with impunity, they might haue sworne,

Vengeance had runne the country.

1. Whore. But I hope,

They haue no cause to boast their victory

Pand. Now by this aire, as I am a true souldier,

Bred vnder, and deuoted to your Banner,

But that your pitty did preuent my rage,

They should haue knowne no quarter, for this brow,

Brookes no offronts.

2. Whore. Captaine you fought it brauely.

Bawd. Wee'l haue a stome grauen with characters,

To intimate your prowesse.

Pand. No my deare Gorgons,

I will not haue my fame wander without,

The precincts of your Castell, tis enough

It can be sheltred heere, within these wales.

And to recourt with your acknowledgements,

What this Fort to my protection.

Bawd. Captaine wee must confess you are our Guardian.

Pand. Then let mee sacrifice vnto my humour.

All you this night, shall be at my disposing.

To drinke and drab, tis the fault of your fortune.

That do profess this trade, t'haue somebody,

Hollands Leager.

To spend your purchase on, tis my decree,
What others ryot, you should waste on me.

Actus 4. Scene 4.

Agurtes like a Justice of peace.
Antolius his Clarke.

Agur. What, are they come?

Antol. Yes, sir.

Agur. Then let mee see.

How I can act it: do I looke like a Justice?

Antol. As fearefull as an Asse in a Lyons skinne, sir.

Agur. Here I begin my state. Suppose mee now
Come downe the staires, out of the dining roome,
Into the hall, and thus I begin. Brisco.

Call Brisco my Clarke.

Antol. At your elbow, sir.

Agur. Reach mee my ensigne of authority,
My staffe I meane. Fy, fy, how dull you are,
And incomposed? Now set me in my chaire,
That I may looke like a Cathedrall Justice,
That knew, what belongs to an *Affianimus*,
And *Dedimus potestatis*. Nay, though we are
Of the peace, we can giue *Priscian* a knocke.
Let mee alone now to determine causes,
As free from error as the Pope. Old *Minos*,
And *Rhadman*, are not so skilfull in vrne,
As I am in the statutes. I haue them ad *vnguelij*
Now if they enter, at their perill bee it.
How dost thou like my action?

Antol. Very well, sir.

Agur. Let them come in.

Enter Snarl like a Constable. *Trimachio, Clio, Clio*,
pruio, M. scellano, Ardolio.

Now Mr Constable,

I must commend your diligence. Come hither.

Snarl. Sir I haue brought foure men before your Worshipp;
I found last night, at midnight, in the streets,

Holland Leager.

Rayling a tumult.

Agur. Brisco, bee ready to take
Their examination. Good: you found four men,
At midnight. Whose men are they?

Trim. Our owne men, sir.

Agur. So it seemes by your Liueries.
Write that downe; first they say, they are their owne men.

Ardel. Sir, by your sauour, I am not my owne man.

Agur. I thought they would not all bee in one tale,
I knew I should find them tripping, and I
Once come to sift them. You are not your owne man.
It argues you are drunke. Write his confession,
Ex ostium te indico; perge Mr. Constable.

Snarle. I hold it fit, your Worship should examine
What they did there so late.

Agur. What did you there?
So late?

Miscel. Good Justice Echo, wee had busines.

Agur. Record, they say they had busines. They shall know,
That I am Judge of Record, and what I do
Record, shal stand, and they shal haue no power
To plead not guilty in a *Scire facias*,
By a Recognisance. I haue my termes.

Ardel. Good your Worship, giue vs not such hard words.

Trim. Its almost as hard vlage as the Leager.

Agur. Then you came from the Leager?

Trim. You may reade
Some aduentures in our habit, wee haue scene,
And tasted the experience of the warres.

Miscel. They haue made me of another religion,
I must turne Jew, I thinke, and bee circumcised.
I may be any thing, now I shall looke a Limme.
I may goe lecke my pension with the louldiers,
But ti no matter, I'll turne valiant,
And fight with the stumpe.

Agur. You are a fighter then.
This doth appere to mee, to haue a tyde.
What thinke you, Mr. Constable?

Snarle. I thinke no lett.

Hollands Leager.

Agur. Was ad terrorem populam.

Snarle. I know not

What you meanes, but I meane as your worship meaneſeſ
I did perceiue they had beene quarelling.

*Agur. Why then 'twas an affry, a ſudden affray,
Directly againſt the State of Northamptōn.*

*The Decimo tertio, of Harry the fourth cleares the doubt,
How doe you trauerſe this, what doe you anſweſe?*

*Ard. We make a queſtion, by your worſhips fauour,
Vnder correction, whither that which was
Done vnder forraine powers, in forraine Lands,
Be puniſtable heere or no.*

Agur. How proue you that?

*Ard. Tis a prouince by it ſelſe, a priuiledgd place,
A ſtrong corporation, and has factiōns
In Court and City.*

*Trim. Is inhabited
With furies, that doe multiply like Hydā
An army of diſeases, can't ſurpreſſe them,
Befides their many fallings t' other way.*

*Agur. I ſhould be loth t' infringe their liberties,
Ile ſend you to betryed, from whence you came then*

*Capri. O good your worſhip, hang vs vp at home firſt,
Let vs indure the racke or the ſtrapado,
We doe ſubmit vs to your worſhips ceniure.*

Agur. Haue you prouided ſureties for the peace then?

*Ard. More neede to prouide ſomethiſgs for my belly
I think they meane to keepe me for race.
I am falne away quite, I was like a hogſhead.
Now I am able to runne thorow my hoopes.*

*Agur. Whaſt he that halts before me? doe you mocke me?
Tis ill halting before a cripplē, ſirra.*

*Miscel. This ſore againſt my will, I can not helpe it.
Would I could runne away with halfe my teeth.*

*Agur. Can't a man haue the venerable gowt,
Or the bone-ache, but you muſt imitate him?*

Miscel. Good M^r. Justice.

*Agur. Mocke your fellow roguēs.
I am none of thoſe, that rayſd my fortunes with*

Hollands Beager.

Fiddling and Tobacco, Make his Mittimus.

Snarle. And't please you sir, here's one has brought a Letter
Agur. From whom?

Snarle. He sayes, from one Mistresse Millesent,
The contents will informe you.

The Letter.

Noble sir, I am sorry to interest my unstayd hononr in the patronage of offenders, or to abuse the credit I haue with you, in stopping the course of Justice against them, whose youthfull licenciousnesse, would pollute the pen of a Lady to excuse it. On the other part, I hold it the betraying of a virginis sweete disposition, to withdraw her fauours, where she has once plac'd them, although there be some want of desert. I must confess this is an Antipathy to my nature, to see any Gentleman suffer, when I may prevent it. Howsoeuer I haue found a disrespect from him, yet I forget it. For anger abides in the bosomes of women, as snow on the ground: where it is smooth and leuell, it falleth quickly off, but remaynes where it is rough and vneuen. That this may appeare to bee true, I would intreate you to dismiss those two Gentlemen and their associates, Mr. Trimalchio, and Capri-
tio, whose royotous loosenesse has made them obnoxious to your censure, and my suspicion. Thus

Hollands Leager.

not doubting the successe of my letter, I rest in your fauour as you may presume on mine, and your true friend,
Millescent.

Agur. This Lady, that has writ in your behalfe,
Is one I honour.

Trim. How should she heare of it?

Agur. It seemes, your fault is quickly blowne abroad.

Trim. I had rather seale a *Noverint universi*,
For a thousand pound stale commodities,
Then shee should know of it.

Agur. As for you two,
You may pay your fees and depart, you haue
Your manumission, for this Ladies sake.
Master Constable, you are discharg'd, and you may
Goe along with them and receiue their fees.

Mif. Though I say nothing, yet I smell something:
A Lady send a letter? Shee is in loue
With me, Ile pawne my life, and I nere knew it.
I'le get my backe well, and goe visit her.

Ard. Now I haue got my teeth at liberty,
And they ere tye me to the racking againe,
Let me be choakt.

Exeunt Miscoellano, Snarle, Ardelio}

Agur. Well, I perceiue you are
A fauourite to this Lady. Whats your name?

Trim. Trimachio.

Agur. And yours?

Capr. Capritio.

Agur. Two ancient names in *Camden*, Of what country?

Capr. Of *Norfolke*.

Agur. The *Capritios* of *Norfolke*.
I thinke we shall bee kin anon. My mother
Was a *Capritio*, and of that house;
Are you alayed vnto this Lady?

Trim. No sir.

But I haue formerly beeene entertain'd

Hollands Leager.

As a poore sutor to her graces fauour.

Agur. I finde by that, you are a man of fashions.
And would you then?

Trim. Nay good sir, doe not chide.

Agur. Yes, I must tell you, that you were to blame,
Hauing so faire a fortune before you, to wrong
A Lady of her spirit; so rich, and faire,
Of vntreprooued chastity, and one
So high in birth, nay 'tis not possible
To speake her vertues, and present your selfe
So lumpishly, nay perhaps fill her bed
Full of diseases.

Trim. Good sir, say no more.

I am a traytor, I haue kild a man,
Committed sacriledge. Let her seeker euenge,
For these, or if lesse punishment will serue:
To haue me beaten, Ile runne naked to her.

Agar. I will not pressea good nature so farres
You two shall stay and dine with me. Ile send
My coach for your Mistris, it shall goe hard:
But I will make you friends, before we part.

Actus 5. Scene 1.

Philantus, Fidelio, Faustina.

Faust. Now let mee bid you welcome from the warres,
Laden with conquest, and the golden fleece
Of honour, which like Iason, you haue brought
T' enrich your Country, now indebted to you.
Had it not beene a pitty such a talent
Of vertue should be lost or ill employd?

Phil. Lady, you are a good Physcion,
It was your counsel wrought this miracle,
Beyond the power of *Æsculapius*:
For when my mind was stupified, and lost
In the pursuit of pleasures: all my body
Torne, and dissected with close vanityes,
You haue collected me anew to life:

Hollands Leager.

And now I come to you, with aschaste thoughts,
As they were first adulterous, and yeeld.
A due submission for the wrong I did
Both to your selfe, and sex.

Faust. Sir, for my part,
You haue your pardon.

Phil. You were borne to quit mee.

Fude. But when you know the Authour of your freedome,
You'll thanke her more.

Phil. Why, who is it?

Fidel. Your sister.

Phil. Who? not Faustina? shee told me so indeed,
Her name was Faustina. Let mee looke vpon her,
As on the picture of all goodness, engrauen
By a celestiall finger, shall weare out;
A marble character. I knew her not,
I am glad there is a scien of our stock,
Can beare such fruit as this, so ripe in vertue.
Where haue you liv'd recluse? you were betroth'd
To one Fidelio; but crost by your father.
I haue heard good reports of the Gentleman.

Faust. I neuer knew you flatter any man
Vnto his face before.

Phil. Vnto his face?
Where is hee?

Fidel. My name's Fidelio.

Phil. I am transported, rauisht: giue mee leave
Good gods, to entertaine with reverance,
So great a comfort. Let mee first embrase you.
Great ioyes, like greises, are silent. Loose mee now,
And let me make you fast. Here ioyne your hands,
Which no age shall vnty. Let happinesse
Distill from you, as the Arabian gummes,
To blesse your issue.

Fidel. Now I hope, sweet Lady,
The time has put a period to your vow.

Faust. Tis ended now, and you may take a comfort,
That I could ryse my selfe to such a law.
For you may hope thereby, I shall obserue you.

Hollands Leager.

With no lesse strict obedience.

Fide. I beleue you.

Phil. And for her dowry, I will treble it.

Enter Snarle.

Heere Snarle is come to be a witnesse to it.

Snarle. My Lord Philautus, if I may presume
To congratulate your Honours safe returne,
I must confesse, I doe it with my heart,
And all your friends long to participate
Your happy presence.

Phil. Thankes both to them and thee.

Snarle. Master Fidelio, no lesse to you.
I see you happy in your Mistris fauour:
And that's as much, as I can wish to you.

Fidel. You haue bin alwaies priuy to my counsell,
Aske me no questions now, I shall resolute you
When we come in.

Phil. How fares our Campe at home,
Trimalchio, and the rest?

Snarle. I haue beeene busie,
In projecting for them, they must all bee married.
I haue seene the interlude of the Leager:
And we haue playd the Iustice, and the Constable:
I will not prepossesse you with the sport,
But I will shew you such a scene of laughter.

Phil. Where is Ardelio.

Snarle. Your seruant Ardelio.
Tis the notorioust mixture of a villaine,
That euer yet was bred vnder the dunghill
Of seruite. Hee has more whores at command,
Then you haue horses. He has stables for them,
His priuate vawting houses.

Phil. Discharge him the house.
Take his accounts and office, and dispose them.

Snarle. Euer your Lordships true and faythfull seruant,

Millescent, Margery.

Milles. When was my Father, and the Captaine heere?

Marg. They are plotting abroad, I hope to see you shortly. Honestly marryed, and then turne vertuous.

Milles. Tis the course of the world now, Margery. But yet I feare, I haue got such a tricke, When I was young, that I shall neuer leaue it.

Marg. What helpe then? the poore Gentleman must suffer. Good Trimachio: tis his fate.

Milles. I am thinking, What I shall do with him, when I am marryed.

Marg. What do other women do with their husbands? Bring him vp in obedience, make him besides An implement to saue your reputation. Let him not presse into your company. Without permission, you must pretend, You are ashamed of him. Let him not eate, Nor lye with you, vnalesse he pay the hire Of a new gowne, or perticote: liue with him, As if you were his neighbour, onely neere him, In that you hate his friends: and when you please To shew the power you carry ouer him, Send him before on foot, and you come after With your coach and foure horses.

Milles. Tis fitting so.

Enter Miscelanio.

How now what peece of motion haue wee heere?

Would you speake with any body?

Miscel. My busynesse,

Is to the Lady Milescent,

Milles. What's your will?

Miscel. Are you that Lady?

Milles. Yes, my name is so.

Miscel. To you then I derect m' apology.

Hollands Leager.

It seemes your eye with approbation,
Has glanc'd vpon my person. I protest
I never was so dull in the construction
Of any Ladys fauour in my life:

Milles. In what, sir?
I can not call to mind that ere I saw you,

Miscel. You haue beeene still too modest to conceale it.
That was not my fault: you did ill to striue
To hide the flames of loue, they must haue vent:
Tis not the walls of flesh can hold them in.

Milles. What riddles haue we heere? that I should
I would not haue you thinke so wel of your selfe. (loueyous)

Marg. Perhaps hee has some petition to deliuer,
Or would desire your letter to some Lord.

Misce. I know not how, sure I was stupifyed,
I haue ere now gheft lat a Ladys mind,
Only by the warbling of her Lutestring,
Kissing her hand, or wagging of her feathers,
And suffer you to pine for my imbraces,
And not conceiue it?

Milles. Pray bee pacified,
This fellow will perswade me, I am in loue.

Miscel. Lady, you haueooke notice of my worth,
Let it not repent you. Bee not stubborne
Towards your happiness. You haue endur'd
Too much already for my sake, you shall see,
Pitty can melt my heart. I take no delight,
To haue a Lady languish for my loue.
I am not made of flint as you suspect mee.

Milles. I would thou wert conuerted to a pillar,
For a memoriall of this impudence.

Miscel. You shall know what tis to tempt me heereafter,
When I shall let you perish for your folly.
I came to remunerate the curtesie,
I receiu'd from your Ladiship.

Milles. I know of none.

Miscel. I must acknowledge my selfe bound to you.

Milles. For what?

Miscel. Your Letter to the Justice, Lady.

Hollands Leager.

It freed me from the pounces of those varlets,
When I was vnder the gripe of the Law.
I know, the onely motiue was your loue.

Milles. I cry you mercy, were you one of them
That drew Trimatchio to those idle courses?
I am ashamed of the benefit, leaue mee
That I may not see the cause of my sorrow:
But 'tis no matter, we shall leaue you first.

Exeunt Miles, Mardon, Margery.

Miscel. They shall find, I am no man to be slighted,
And that shee has misplac'd her affection.
When I haue wrackt the wrongs on my coriuall,
Trimatchio, looke to thy selfe, were hee remou'd,
There might be hopes, my valour shall make known
There is a difference. Ile straight to the tauerne:
And when I once am hot with good Canary,
I pronounce him dead that affronts my fury.

Actus 5. Scene 3.

Ardelio.

Turn'd out of seruice! the next turne will be
Vnder the Gallows, and haue a Ballad made of me;
The corruption of a casheer'd Seruving-man,
Is the generation of a thiefe. I feare,
My fate poynts me not out to so good fortune.
My bulke will not serue me to take a purse.
The best thing I am fit for, is a tapster,
Or else get a wench of mine owne, and sell
Bottell Ale and Tobacco, that's my refuge
They tearm'd me parasite, 'tis a mystery
Is like a familiar, that leaues a man
When he is neere his execution.
I haue no power to flatter my selfe now,
I might haue gone a wooing to some widdow,
And had his countenance, but now the tenants
Look like their Bacon, rustily, vpon me.

Enter

Hollands Leager.

Enter Jeffry.

What, Jeffry! thou art the comfort of my woes?
Welcome, good Jeffry.

Jeff. Thankes to your good Worship;

Ard. Where are my hangings, Jeffry?

Jeff. Very wel, sir.

Lockt in a Cypresse chest, for feare of Moths.

Ard. And all the other furniture good Jeffry.

Jeff. They are kept safe, and well ary'd for your Worship.

Ard. Thanks, good Jeffry. I were in a sweet case,
If I had not conuayd somethings away,
To maintains mee hereafter.

Jeffry. Why so, sir?

Ard. I may go ser v'p bils now for my liuing,
Cry Vineger vp and downe the streets; or fish
At blacke Fryers stayres; or sit against
A wall, with a library of ballads before mee.

Jeff. You are not out of seruice.

Ard. Turn'd a grazing,
In the wide Common of the world, Jeffry.

Jeff. Theo are my hopes at best, I haue no reason
To care for him any longer; a word with you.
What furniture do you meane?

Ard. Those that I sent,
The beds, and hangings.

Jeff. Did you send any such?

Ard. I hope you will not vse mee so.

Jeff. Your owne words.

I must make the best benefit of my place:
You know, tis not an age to bee honest in.
Tis the only high-way vnto pouerty.
I know not how, I do not fancy you
Of late.

Ard. I chose thee for thy knauish looke
And now thou hast requited mee: of all
My euils, thou art the worst.

Jeff. Notayth, sir.

You haue a worse commodity at my hou'e.
But you may saue the charges of a writ.

Hollands Leager.

Ile send her you without reprieue or bayle.
I doe you that faour.

Ard. No, you may keepe her still.

Jeff. My thinkes you are much dejected with your fall,
I finde an alteration in your face.
You looke like an Almanacke of last yeeres date.
Or like yourliuery cloake, of two yeeres wearing,
Worse then the smoaky wall of a bawdyhouse.

Ard. Villaine, dost thou insult on me?

Jeff. No sayth sir,
Alasse, tis not within the reach of man,
To countermine your plots.

Ard. Well, flauie, because
Ile rid my hands of thee, Ile giue thee a share.

Jeff. You must haue none, without lawfull proceeding,
And that I know, you dare not.

Enter Snarle, and Officers.

Snarle. But I dare.
Haue you beene partners all this while in mischiefe,
And now fall out, who shall bee the most knaue?

Jeff. What doe you meane?

Snarle. I meane to search your house
For ammunition, no otherwise,
Which I suspect you send vnto the Leager.

Jeff. Sir I haue nothing there, but one crackt piece
Belongs to this Gentleman, can doe no seruice,
She is spoyld in the bore.

Snarle. Wee'l haue her new cast.
Come, bring them away.

Ard. Nay good sir, you know,
That I was lately quit before a Justice,
And if I fall in a relapse,

Snarle. Al's one
To me, but you must satisfie the Law.

Ard. Well then, I know the worst of it.

Hollands Leager.

Actus 4. Scene 4.

Agurtes, Antelicus.

Trimachio, Capritio.

Agur. Master Trimachio, 'tis an age since I saw you.

Trim. I was ne're out of towne.

Agur. Not out of towne?

We sought you about all the Ordinaries,
Tauernes and Bawdy houses, we could imagine
You euer haunted.

Trim. You might haue found vs then.

Antol. Nay more, we inquir'd at the Play-houses.

Agur. Twas once in my minde, to haue had you cryed.

Antol. We gaue you lost.

Trim. Well, shall I tell you, Captaine?

Antol. I; doc, what ist?

Trim. This Gentleman and I
Haue past through purgatory, since I saw you.
If I should tell you all the passages
At the Leager.

Antol. Thither we came to meeete you,
And you were gone.

Capr. And then at the Iustices.

Agur. Were you before the Justice?

Trim. 'Tis such a story

Would fill a Chronicle.

Capr. We met with a party of the enemics,
Tooke all we had from vs, and then it cost vs
Forty shillings in fees at the Iustices.

Agur. That was hard dealing.

Capr. The old boy and I
Grew to be kin at last.

Trim. He made me sure
To my mistris, before we parted.

Agur. How?

Hollands Leager

By what strange accident?

Trim. Honest Ardelio,
And Misellario, wee were all together
In rebellion, and quit by a Letter,
That came from my mistresse.

Agur. Is possible?
And Misellario turne traytor?

Trim. What.

Agur. Would haue your mistresse from you, thinkes the
Was sent for his sake. (Letter

Trim. That I am sure hee does not.

Agur. Threatens, and sweares that he wil fight for her.

Trim. If hee bee weary of his life, hee may.
Why what can hee pretend to her?

Agur. I know not,

What has past betweene them, but I am sure,
He has beene practising at the Fencing Schoole,
To get a trick to kill you.

Trim. Hee kill mee!

I'll kill him first. I fight by Geometry.

Agur. How? By Geometry?

Trim. Yes sir, heere I hold
My Rapier, marke mee, in a diameter
To my body; that's the center, conceiue mee.

Antol. Your body is the center, very good.

Trim. And my hilt, part of the circumference.

Antol. Well sir.

Trim. Which hilt is bigger then my body.

Anto. Then your whole body?

Trim. Yes at such a distance.

And hee shall neuer hit mee, whilst hee liues.

Antol. Where did you learne this? At the leager?

Trim. No.

No by this light: it is my owne inuention.
I learnt it in my trauels.

Anto. Very strange:
You are a scholler.

Tri. No: I would not bee
suspected of such a crime for a Million.

Hollands Leager.

But tis no sinne to know Geometry;
And by that, I can tel wee shal nere fight.

Antol. Not fight at all?

Trim. I'll shew you in Geometry,
Two paralels can neuer meet: now wee two
Being paralels, for so wee are, that is
Equal in wit and valour, can neuer meet.
And if wee neuer meet, wee shal nere fight.

Enter Miscellano.

Antol. To proue your axiome false, see where hee comes.

Trim. I do defy him.

Miscel. Hang thee blustering sonne
Of Aelus, defy me ! I'll tye vp thy breath
In bags, and sell it for a penny an ounce.

Antol. Draw sir.

Miscel. Draw if hee dares.

Capri. Sure, this is the second part of the Leager.
Twere best for me, to hide mee in my cabin.

Exit Capritio.

Miscel. Wil you resigne your mistresse?

Trim. No, I scorne it.

Miscel. Unless you'l haue her tane away by force.

Antol. I see, this cannot be ended without bloud.

Trim. Captaine, a word with you,

Anto. What say you sir?

Trim. I am afryd he comes with the blacke art.

Antol. How you afryd? do not say so for shame.

Trim. Hee has layne with an old witch at Swedene
And is growne stickefree.

Antol. Fy that you shall say so.

Trim. I'll be resolu'd of that before I fight.

Antol. Why, do you thinke that witches haue such power?

Trim. I marry do I, I haue knowne one of them,
Do more then that, when her husband has followed
Strange women, shee has turnd him into a Bezer,
And made him bite out his owne stomes.

Antol. Tis strange !

Trim. I'll tell you another as strange as that, of one

Hollands Leager.

When a Vintner has sent her but ill wine,
Shee has conuerted him into a Frog,
And then coniur'd him into one of his butts,
Where hee has liued twelue moneths vpon the fees,
And when his old ghests chance to come to see him,
Hee has croackt to them, out at the bunghole.

Antol. This is miraculous.

Trim. There was a Lawyer
That spoke against one of them at the barre.

Antol. What did shee then?

Trim. Turnd him into a Ram,
And still that Ram retaynes his profession,
Has many Clients, and pleads causes as weli
As some Lawyers in Westminster.

Anto. Do you thinke,
That hee has had recourse to any such?

Trim. I know not, but tis good to bee mistrustfull,
Hee may haue aduantage in the encounter.

Enter Millescent Margery.

Miscel. There she comes, winne her, and weare her.

Milles. Hold your hands.

I'll haue no bloud a prologue to my wedding.

Trim. Nay then haue at you. Hold mee not, I saye
I am as fierce as hee.

Milles. Bee pacified.

I thought you had beeне both bound to the peace.

Antol. Lady, it seemes, that these two Gentlemen
Do stand in competition for your loue.

Milles. Mr. Trimalchio, I confess, has beeне
A former suitor, but with his ill carriage,
He has thus long preuented his good fortune.

Antol. Then let mee make a motion.

Milles. What is it?

Antol. Will they both stand to it?

Trim. I agree.

Miscel. And I.

Antol. Then let the Lady dispose of her selfe.

Trim. Shee is mine already, I am sure to her,

Hollands Leager.

Before a Iustice.

Miscel. I will haue no woman,
Against her will.

Milles. No sir, nor you shall not,
Since you are so peremptory, on your words then
That hee shall sing a Palinodium,
And recant his ill courses, I affirme
My Loue Trimachio.

Capritio peeps out.

Capri. Do wee take, or are we taken?

Trim. Nay, wee do take.

Agur. Who's that, *Capritio*? where haue you bee[n]e?
Come your wayes forth, and lay hands on the spoyle,
Goe lead away that Lady by the hand.
Now you may take occasion by the foretop,
Aduance your owne predominant the better,
And march away,

Trim. Come, let vs to the Church.

Excuse

Trimachio, Millescent.

Capritio, Margery.

Miscel. And what must I do now? bee laught at?

Agur. Would you
Hazard your selfe, for one that cares not for you?
You may be glad you scap't. Recall your selfe.
Were not you formerly engag'd?

Miscel. No, neuer.

Agur. Not to mistris *Quartilla*?

Miscel. Fayth we haue toy'd
In iest sometime.

Agur. Let it bee now in earnest.
Make her amends. I know shes loues you.

Miscel. Well.
I will haue her, and stand vp for my portion,
With the rest of my tribe.

L. 3

Actus

Actus 5. Scena ultima.

Snarle, Philautus.

Snarle. Stay heere a little, they are gone to Church.
And will returne in couples. First, Trimalecio,
That Gyant in conceit, thinkes he is matcht
To some great heire, but shall imbracc a cloud
In stead of Juno. Then her waitingwoman,
Her Iris, reflectes vpon Capritio,
And for my piece of fragmentary Courtship,
My Miscellany Gentleman, 'tis his lot
To bee cast vpon Quartilla with Agurtes.
In his old Iusticeship. All these march together,
Like the seuen deadly sinnes, and behind them,
Comes Antoliceus, the clarke of the company.

Enter Agurtes like a Justice.

Trimalecio, Millestant. Capritio, Margery,
Miscellanio, Quartilla, Antoliceus like a Clarke.

Antol. Looke you sir, here they come.

Trim. Make roome, me thinkes.

You should not stop the course of Iustices.
My Lord Philautus, you are welcome from
The Warres, and I from the Church. I wonder
Who makes the better returne, you haue got
Honour, and so haue I. But wher's your wealth?
I can imbrace fife thousand ponuds, a yeere.
That's nothing with you, I haue no more wit,
Then to be pild by pimpes, and marry whoores,
Yet I meane shortly to ranke with your honour.
Here is my warrant, I haue promisd her,
To make her a Countesse, but that's nothing with you,
Nay, more then this. I can goe on, and leaue
Some advancement behind me. *Ecce signum.*

Phil.

Hollands Leager.

Phil. Tis well, I am glad of your happiness;
And much ioy to my brother Capriso,
And his faire spouse.

Capri. She is according to
My hearts desire, sir.

Snarle. Well, a word with you,
Master Trimachio, and the rest.

Trim. What say you?

Snarle. You were as good know it at first, as at last.
You are not the first, that haue beeene deceiued.

Trim. In what? my wife? I married her for a mayd.
And whether she be one, or no, I care not.

Snarle. Nay, should I heare a man that should abuse her
In that, I would defend her with my sword.
But she and you must call this man your father.

Trim. I so she must, hee gaue her at the Church.

Snarle. Nay, her ownenaturall father, flesh and bone,
I hope shal not deny it.

Milles. No indeede, sir.

I would not liue to be so vngracious.

Agur. I must acknowledge thee say child, or I
Should doe thy mother wrong.

Trim. I doe not thinkes so,
You'l not make me beleue that I tooke her
For a Lords daughter, and a great heire. Where are
Agurtes and the Captaine to iustifie it?
Is hee your father?

Milles. He has euer bred mee:
And I haue alwayes cal'd him so, I hope
It is no shame: my parentage is honest.

Trim. Well, if hee bee, tis no disparagement
To marry a Iustices daughter.

Snarle. Come, you haue
Beene carryed hoodwinkt through this busynesse.
Nor is the day yet cleere before you. Marke mee;
I'll open but one leafe in all the booke,
And you shall see the whole discouery.

Come

Hollands Leazer.

Come sir, vncase.

Agartes and Antoliscus pull off there disguises.

Trim. Who haue we heere? Agartes

And the Captaine? Was't you that playd the Justice?

And you his clarke?

Snarle. And I the Constable.

Trim. Then you are a knot of knaues for your labours.

Now I perceiue that I am playnly guld.

Capo. I am glad ther's no man cheated but himselfe.

Snarle. Your arrow is one of the same quiver too.

Trim. Be none of her by this light.

Agur. Why, you may chuse.

And yet I doe not well see, how you can chuse.

She is your wife, and you haue married her,

And must allow her meanes to maintayne her.

You may declare your selfe vnto the world,

And bee laught at: but keepe your owne counsell,

And who needs know of it?

Phil. Beleeue me sir,

The Gentlewoman is not to be despisde,

Her wit and vertues are dowry sufficient.

Trim. Nay, if you say so, then must I needs loue her:

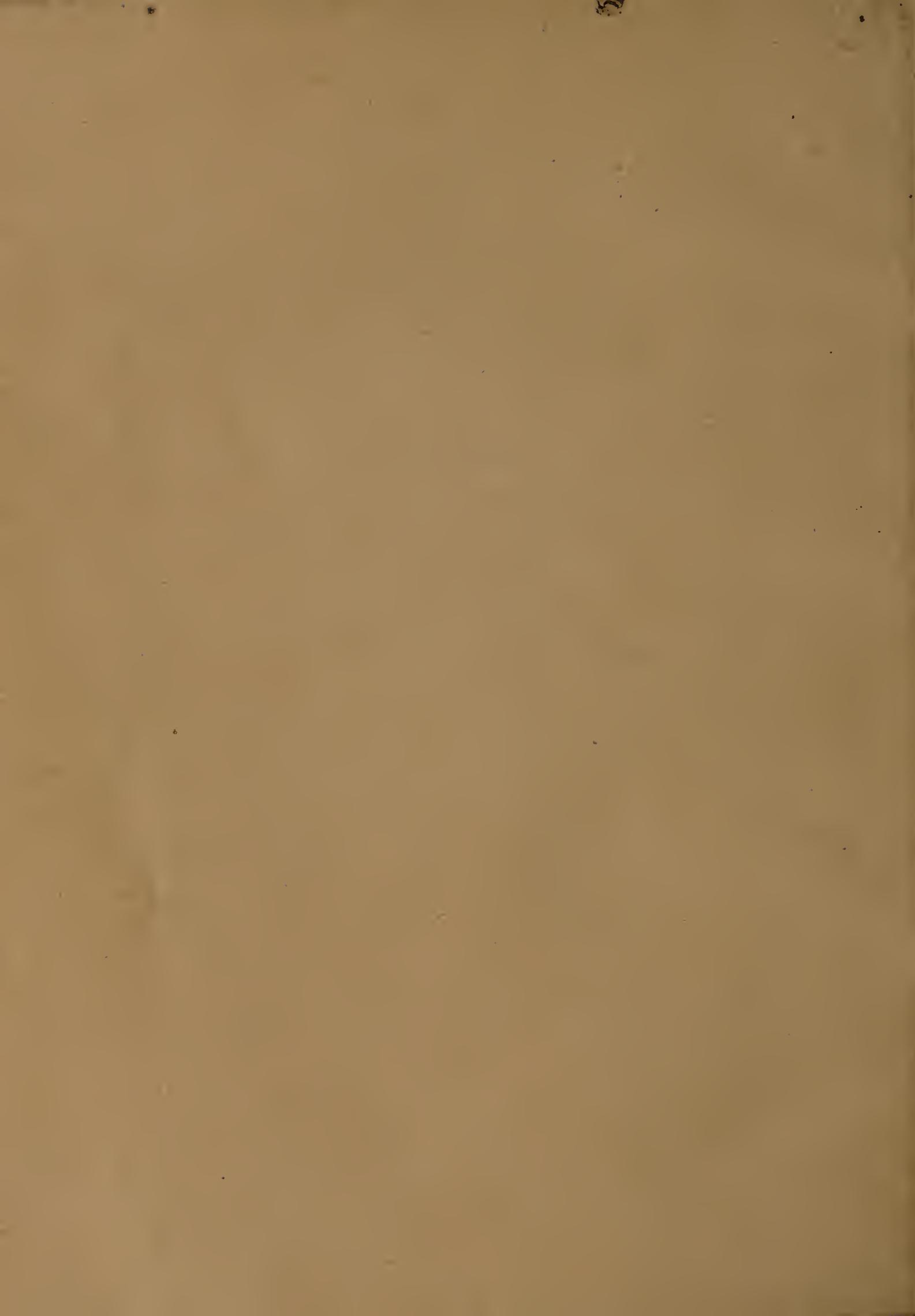
But by this hand, I thought you would haue jeer'd me.

Phil. Hold on your course, march on as you came in,

And rest content, since fate has thought it fit,

To make your fortunes equal with your wits.

FINIS.



D. BATTIN,
BOOKBINDER,
Lapham Con, 100

1/12/37

